July 3, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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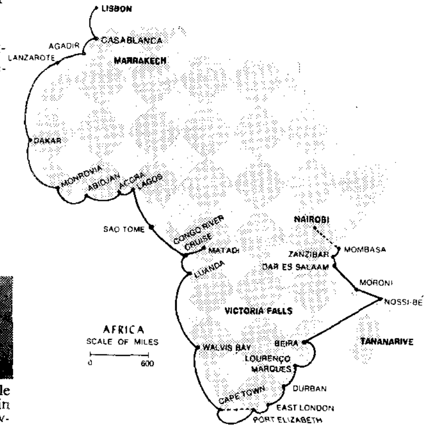

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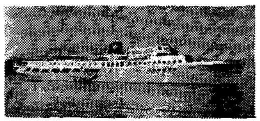

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July holiday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dance wi' Me; or, The Fatal Twitch—A complex, highly disciplined comic exercise, which originated at La Mama and was written by Greg Antonacci. Mr. Antonacci also plays the leading role—a clownish young man who retreats from the jangled nineteen-seventies into fantasies of the nineteen-fifties. Parts of the show are very funny, and parts are just as tiresome. Obscenities abound. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Analysis—A revival. Saul Bellow's farce about a Jewish comic who psychoanalyzes himself over closed-circuit television seems just as strained and unfunny now as it did in 1964. There is much frenetic non-acting of the non-parts by a generally reputable cast. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director of this highly satisfactory revival. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—**THE METAMORPHOSES:** Some very good-looking and talented young people enacting some of the wittiest stories ever told. If that isn't a rarity, what is? Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 7:30. . . . **STORY THEATRE:** Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. Friday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Closes Saturday, July 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell and Joey Faye in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5.) . . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. Starting Monday, July 5, Carol Richards will replace Miss Sharma. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5,

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DRAWINGS: *Charles E. Martin, James Stevenson, Robert Weber, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, William Steig, Alan Dunn, Donald Reilly, Dana Fradon, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Al Ross, Carl Rose*

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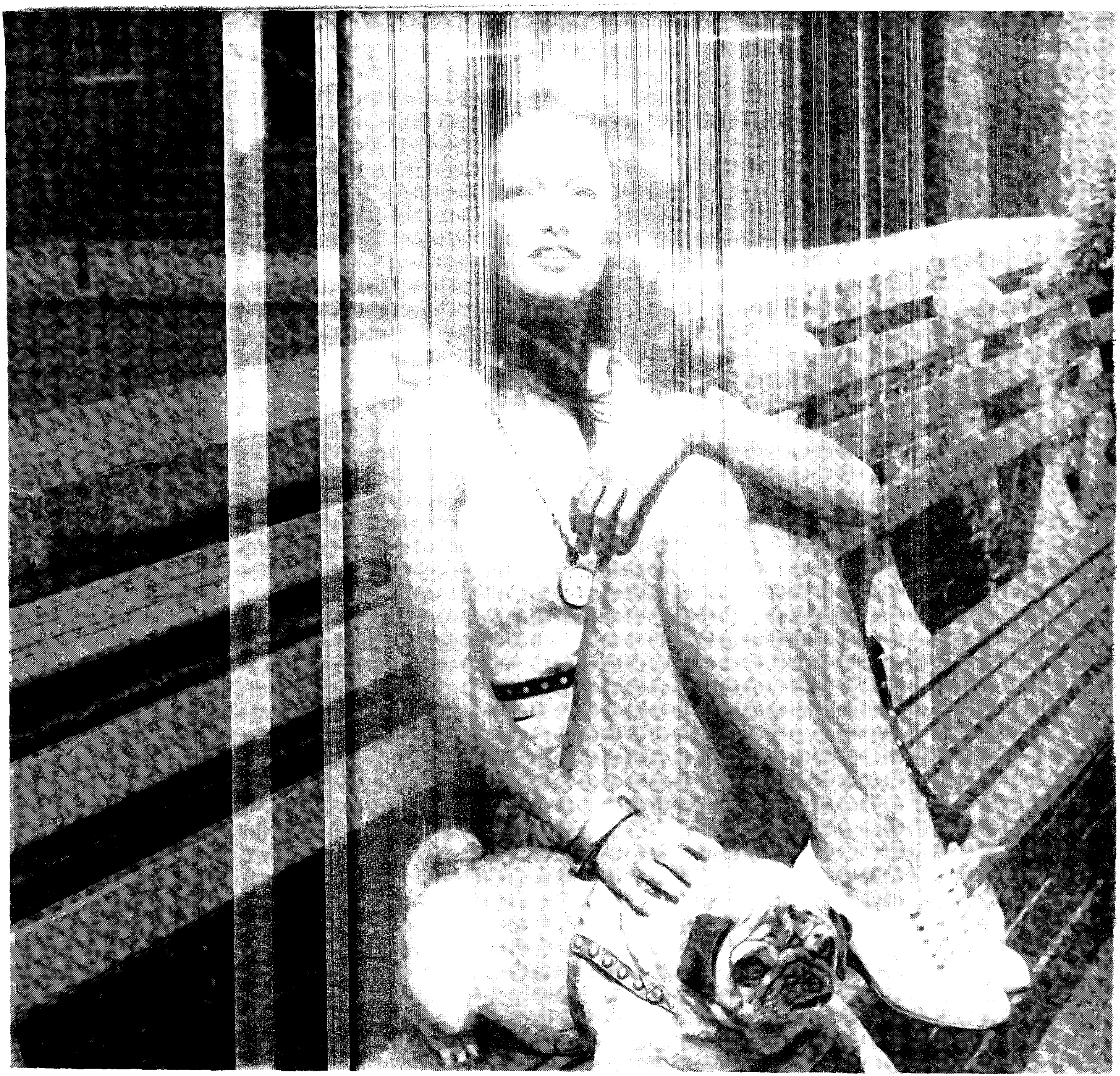

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at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 3.)

MUSICALS

FOLLIES—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GODSPELL—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO, NO, NANETTE—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PROPOSITION—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TOUCH—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-five years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

TWO BY TWO—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—APPLAUSE: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. After Saturday, July 3, no performances until Tuesday, July 13.)... **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —After all, Haines began... Stephen turned and saw that the cold gaze which had measured him was not all unkind. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —After all, I should think you are able to free yourself. You are your own master, it seems to me. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —I am the servant of two masters, Stephen said, an English and an Italian. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** She consulted Anne, who never seemed considered by the others as having any interest in the question. She consulted, and in a degree was influenced by her, in marking out the scheme of retrenchment, which was at last submitted to Sir Walter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5.) ... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Every emendation of Anne's had been on the side of honesty against importance. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 5, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2:30.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams and Howard Da Silva is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, July 5, at 2.)

BALLET

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, June 30, at 8:15: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," and "The River." ...¶ Thursday, July 1, at 8:15: "Swan Lake."...¶ Friday, July 2, at 8:15: "Theme and Variations," "Fall River Legend," and "Gaieté Parisienne."...¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2:15 and 8:15: "Giselle."...¶ Sunday, July 4, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Swan Lake."...¶ Tuesday, July 6, at 8:15: "Brahms Quintet," "Pillar of Fire," "Paquita" (première), and "Fancy Free."...¶ Wednesday, July 7, at 8:15: "Pulcinella Variations" and "La Sylphide" (première)....¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "The Moor's Pavane," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 10, at 2:15: "Coppélia."...¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "The River." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)

MISCELLANY

RODEO—Final performances in a week-and-a-half-long roundup. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 2 and 8; and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, July 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Mild-voiced John Denver explores various human sentiments as he sings his own and other people's songs. (He can out-McCartney McCartney on "Let It Be"—not altogether a pleasant experience.) Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Guitarist Hal Waters plays Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Thursday through Sunday, July 1-4, pianist-composer Bobby Timmons will work with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, July 8-11, pianist Nat Jones and a bass player will collaborate. The food has the right amount of soul. Music from nine-thirty to three.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A reflowering of American music takes place when Marian McPartland, whose piano runs from stark realism to the madrigal form, gets to work with her new bass, Jay Leonhart. The joint recital runs from eight to one, except on Sundays, which are the property, seven to midnight, of Sammy Price, who makes boogie-woogie sound like one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this recently opened coffeehouse (known, in an earlier incarnation, as the Café au Go Go) ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Through Monday, July 5, Chicago-bluesman Muddy Waters—with his own Blues Band—will be serving the audience classics like "Hootchie Kootchie Man." On Wednesday, July 7, an abrupt change of scene, as the Soft Machine tumbles in. This unclassifiable band is weird, eclectic, and excitingly original. Shows at nine and eleven Wednesdays, Thursdays, Sundays, and Mondays, and eight-thirty, ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Through Sunday, July 4, Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams will be playing twin instruments. On Wednesday, July 7, the Carl Thompson duo will move in. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor player Zoot Sims leads a smooth, generally inventive quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. Friday through Sunday, July 2-4, Anita O'Day will sing along, and Friday through Sunday, July 9-11, Jimmy Rushing will do the same. Light Italian dishes are served. On Monday, July 5, a seventeen-piece band led by saxophonist Al Cohn ascends the bandstand.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianofortist Eddie Thompson keeps them smiling most of the time as he swings, ripples, and rolls. He plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Herbie Wright is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Jimmy McPartland, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, Eddie Gale's quartet will perform. Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire takes the stand. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

PEGLEG'S, 1738 Second Ave., at 90th St. (860-2065)—Sail on, small ship, for the winds are highly favorable. A trio not to be missed—Red Garland, Philly Joe Jones, and Wilbur Ware—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Tuesdays, the place is manned by a different crew. Closed Mondays.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. A quartet plays Friday and Saturday, July 2-3. Sundays and Mondays, pianist and vocalist Vickie Ford joins with bassist Scotty Holt. Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, Bobby Timmons and John Blair will head a quartet. Music Fridays through Mondays from nine-thirty to two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (682-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another synthetic museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band zings from nine until three or four. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley will be in charge of a quartet here through Thursday, July 1. Friday through Sunday, July 2-4, pianist Herbie Hancock will lead a sextet. On Tuesday, July 6, Rahsaan Roland Kirk will come over from the Vanguard, remaining through Sunday, July 11. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—Up Columbia way, and populated accordingly, this fabricated cavern comes up with some winners. At the moment, a person who styles himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker is leading a spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace. Open Thursdays through Sundays. Spaghetti and so forth.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Lee Konitz, a veteran of the Tristano school of cool, spins sounds out of pure metal. His sax guides a quartet that includes Don Friedman on piano. On Tuesday, July 6, alto saxophonist Phil Woods will come in with his European Rhythm Machine. On Mondays, the regulars rest, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when the music has a Latin flavor. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk—with a large supply of reed instruments and a group he calls the Vibration Society—is blowing up a storm or two in this old cellar, which has weathered many. He will be here through Saturday, July 3. On Tuesday, July 6, bassist and autobiographer Charles Mingus will turn up with a sextet called the Jazz Workshop. Mondays are reserved for the block-busting and highly accomplished Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, July 4.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, July 4, cornettist Wild Bill Davison will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only roast beef is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by Carol Denmark, who sings songs. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with Hard Rain through Thursday, July 1. Another outfit starts Tuesday, July 6. Closed Friday through Monday, July 2-5.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance, but these days it is open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* Among the jolly *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers. Plenty of song, plenty of dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Miguelito Valdes, verbal and vocal proof that the principal export of the Latin world is unrestrained, unrequited love, ends his stay on Wednesday, June 30. Next evening, Los Chavales de España, a happy-and-extremely-go-lucky crew, return to summer camp for further song-and-prance maneuvers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round assigned—between the hours of eight and four—to other flamencans. Closed Sundays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The rocking-chair veterans on the veranda still enjoy the compulsory stand-up comic, because they can in comfort see all the jokes coming, but the stars that shine in the eyes of the young guests are part of the rock-and-romance, sulphur-and-soul syndrome: to wit, such as Phil Flowers, who bows out on Wednesday, July 7, and such as Janice Harper, who arrives one night later. The comics are always named Legion. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, though, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, will, it turns out, be around all summer, Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew, in the polite Café. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Myron Cohen, who was superbly exploring a certain treasure trove of anecdote long before Stephen Birmingham got around to it, comes to a halt on Saturday, July 3, and so does the item designated the Barry Smith Revue, which should have done so long ago. Tuesday, July 6, will be the first night for Julie Wilson, a girl who is of, by, and about our town—the sort of singer, rare in these times, who has never in her life been inside an echo chamber. Like Mr. C., she is a dinner and supper entrée.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): What a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to install them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the little **ST. REGIS ROOM!** No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here? . . . ¶ The nights are milder in the **OAK ROOM,** which begins its theatre buffet dinner as early as five-thirty and stays awake until nine. Solo piano is the deal here. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival: dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **TRUDEHELLER,** Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346): Blossom Dearie, who now spends most of her career at Ronnie's, in London, is, happily, on lend-lease again, singing her songs of sixpence and converting them all into songs of six *new* pence. Her beautifully concocted piano is supplemented by Al Harewood on drums and Chris White on bass. At nine-thirty and later. Some rock, some roll, too, and nearly nothing to eat. No Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks, the leader of which is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Betty Walker, a garrulous girl who is bothered a lot by Harry Kellerman's garrulity, does her last set of skits on Saturday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 6, Sandy Baron begins telling some original tales out of school. Nine-thirty or so is the earliest; the menu is minute. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her operetta troupe, and her fiddlers three will cease and desist, in favor of a brief holiday, on Saturday, July 3. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of her piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after six, sits a pianist; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): If pub-crawling is the exercise the doctor ordered, this oddball salon might as well be included. Dan Ruskin, the one-time pianist of Chucks' Composite, is on duty from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): In the reveries induced by Gunnar Hansen's violin, which does the nine-until-one session in the Palm Court from Wednesday through Saturday every week, a world of "Merry Widow" and the grandeur that is Vienna come clear. From four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, and from nine to one on Tuesday, other fiddles ply their trade. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday, nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old watering place, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. Closed Monday, July 5. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. En route, they encounter a band of itinerant musicians who call themselves Roman Strings. Closed Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage in the midst of the dining room, their fond recollections of noble moments on the Broadway musical stage, and set them forth with drive, dint, and delight. At eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty and nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Roland, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MARY-MARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this duplex. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			30	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Monday, July 5.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL AND DAVID GILHOOLY—Small color caricatures in oil of types inhabiting the Chelsea Hotel by the former and ceramics of animal subjects by the latter; through July 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HARRY BOURAS—Drawings by a Chicago artist who is also an art critic; through Friday, July 9. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed mornings.)

JANET CULBERTSON AND MAL LUBER—Silverpoint drawings of a nostalgic Midwest by the former and paintings of machines, real and imaginary, by the latter; through Friday, July 2. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through July 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through July 17. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through July 28. . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Stanley Boxer, David Budd, Robert Goodnough, and Jacqueline Gourevitch are four of the gallery artists represented in a showing of paintings; through July 15. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.). . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); starting Monday, July 5. . . . **KRUGIER,** 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Tantra art of India from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through July 16. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Aug. 13. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: The first showing in New York of paintings with Optical effects by Richard Cramer and Richard Vaux, and shaped canvases by Stephen Tarantal; through Friday, July 2. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 200 E. 23rd St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; starting Thursday, July 1. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection around the theme of social protest and dealing with subjects from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; starting Thursday, July 1. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Aug. 29. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, except July 4, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; starting Thursday, July 1. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; starting Thursday, July 1. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Fifty-four etchings and lithographs by Wayne Thiebaud on his favorite themes of cakes, pies, and other food displays, plus flowers, landscapes, and animals; through July 18. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of work by sixty-six artists, as well as thirty-eight paintings by young Americans done between 1969 and 1971, grouped under the classification of "Lyrical Abstraction;" through Tuesday, July 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, July 5, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; through July 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5. Open Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Twenty Chinese kites dating from the nineteenth century in various symbolic forms, such as a wine jug, a peach, and a beetle; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. . . . ¶ Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 15. (Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Mondays, except July 5, through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 6. (Tuesdays, except July 6, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 5, from 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, except Monday, July 5, from 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Drawings and watercolors by Lloyd McNeill, accompanied by recorded selections of music written by the artist and performed by his quartet; through Sunday, July 4. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings done in prisons by thirty-five inmates; through Aug. 8. (Mondays, except July 5, and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Tim Hardin and Chase—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 1, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Pete Seeger—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 6, at 8.

Voices of East Harlem and Jonathan Edwards—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, July 8, at 7:30.

Virgil Fox—Repeat performances of "Heavy Organ," an all-Bach concert given in December at Fillmore East. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 8.)

Dizzy Gillespie, Al Cohn/Willis Conover, and the New York Band—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 10, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Friday, July 2, at 7: A program by the Boston Symphony String Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Rose Taylor, alto; John McCollum, tenor; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas directing, with Mr. Silverstein and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 7: A piano recital by Earl Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 9: Leon Fleisher conducting the Boston Symphony, with Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Bruno Maderna conducting, with Mr. Wild. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Saturday, July 3, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting Monteverdi's "Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; and Richard Stilwell, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 5:30: A piano recital by Garrick Ohlsson. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a performance of Benjamin Britten's opera "Curlew River," with Andrea Velis, tenor; William Metcalf and David Clatworthy, baritones; and Ara Berberian, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 5:30: A repeat performance of the July 9 "Curlew River." (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, July 18. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, July 2, at 8: Duke Ellington's orchestra, Roberta Flack, Buddy Rich's orchestra, Stan Kenton's orchestra, and the Dave Pike Set. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 2: Ornette Coleman's quartet, the Charles Mingus sextet, the New York Bass Violin Choir (directed by Bill Lee), Willie the Lion Smith, Eubie Blake, and Freddie Hubbard's quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 3, at 8: Dionne Warwick, Dave Brubeck's trio (with Gerry Mulligan), Mary Lou Williams, and Chase; and a jam session with Jimmy Smith, Cannonball Adderley, Dizzy Gillespie, Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Mann, Sonny Stitt, Illinois Jacquet, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 2: Aretha Franklin, Les McCann's trio, Rahsaan Roland Kirk & His Vibration Society, and the King Curtis orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8: "Schlitz Salute to the Blues," with Ray Charles, B. B. King, the Allman Brothers, T-Bone Walker, Joe Turner, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Buddy Tate's band, and the James Cotton Blues Band. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5, at 2: Miles Davis's sextet, The Soft Machine, Ammons and Stitt, Phil Woods European Rhythm Machine, and the New Heavenly Blue. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5, at 8: Billy Eckstine, George Shearing's quintet, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Herbie Mann and Air, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, and Louis Bellson's orchestra. (Festival Field. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Saturday, July 3, at 7:30: Pete Seeger. . . . ¶ Monday, July 5, at 8:30: Charles Mingus and the Jazz Workshop. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 7:30: Muddy Waters, Big Mama Thornton, and Jesse Fuller. (Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 30, at 8:30: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 1, at 8:30: Duke Ellington Show. . . . ¶ Friday, July 2, at 8:30: Al Hirt. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 4, at 8:30: Burt Bacharach Show. . . . ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a four-week season that ends Saturday, July 31. Tuesday, July 6, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Dim Lustre," "Firebird," and "PAMTGG.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 7, at 8:30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: "Four Last Songs," "Dim Lustre," "La Valse," and "PAMTGG." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 3: Susan Hendl and Edward Villella, and the Cincinnati Ballet Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 6-10: Norman Walker and his company, Jayne Hillyer and Bill Martin-Viscount, and Sahomi Tachibana, with Saho and Saga Tachibana. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Rudy Perez Dance Theatre. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Saturday, July 10, at 8, and Sunday, July 11, at 2. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, June 30, at 8:05, and Thursday, July 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, July 2, at 8:05; Saturday, July 3, at 2:15; and Sunday, July 4, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Monday, July 5, at 1:05 (doubleheader); Tuesday, July 6, at 8:05; and Wednesday, July 7, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, July 9, at 8, and Saturday, July 10, at about 2:45 (the twenty-fifth annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Whitey Ford, Lefty Gomez, Roger Peckinpaugh, and other members of the Yankee's twenty-nine pennant-winning teams).

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 8-11.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 3; the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 5; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 10. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Monmouth Oaks, Monday, July 5, and the Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 10. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—Greek All-Stars vs. A.C. Milan, for the United States Cup of Champions. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Saturday, July 3, at 5:45. For information about tickets, call 524-9547.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK**, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 5-9, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 10.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Build-

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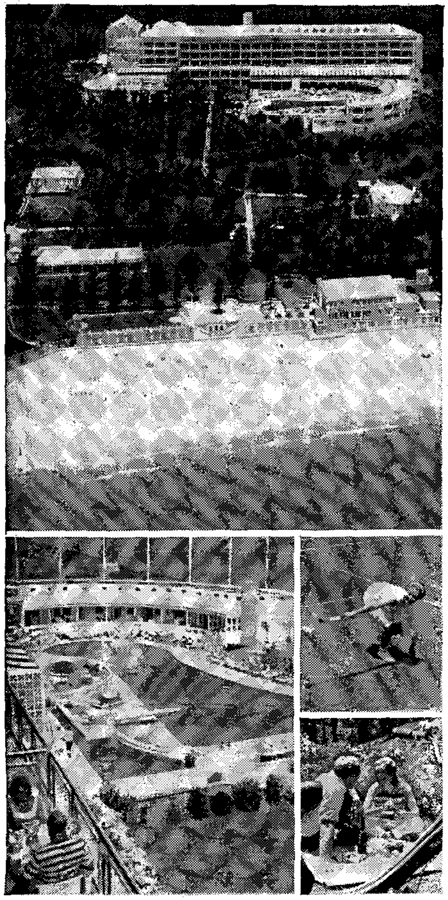

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Hollywood Revue of 1929" (1929), directed by Charles Reisner, with over fifty M-G-M stars, from Asther, Nils, through Sisters, the Brox....¶ July 1 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Hearts in Dixie" (1929), directed by Paul Sloane, with Clarence Muse and Eugene Jackson....¶ July 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor, with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney....¶ July 3 at 11:30: "Die Nibelungen" (1924), a German film in two parts, directed by Fritz Lang; part one has no English titles....¶ July 3 at 3 and 5:30: "Sunny Side Up" (1929), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.... ¶ July 4 at 2 and 5:30 and July 5 at 1: "Rio Rita" (1929), directed by Luther Reed, with Bebe Daniels and John Boles....¶ July 5 at 6: "Il Posto" (1961), in Italian, directed by Ermanno Olmi....¶ July 6 at 2: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan and Joan Peers....¶ July 6 at 5:30: "Il Posto" (1961)....¶ July 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Marianne" (1929), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Marion Davies and Cliff Edwards....¶ July 8 at 2: "Applause" (1929)....¶ July 8 at 5:30 and 8: "Devil May Care" (1929), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordon. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) ...NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through July 1: "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935), directed by Maurice Elvey, with Madge Evans and Richard Dix....¶ July 2-3: "Forever and a Day" (1943), an episodic movie with seven directors and a cast of—as they say—thousands....¶ July 4 and 7: "Storm in a Teacup" (1937), directed by Victor Saville, with Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison....¶ Starting July 8: "Passport to Pimlico" (1949), directed by Henry Cornelius, with Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 4, and Fridays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)...¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather over the city, call 472-1003 for news.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of TIMON OF ATHENS, with Shepperd Strudwick, Michael Dunn, and Marco St. John. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 18. For information about tickets, call 677-6350.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of THE SOUND OF MUSIC, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett, will again be the summer production. Opens Thursday, July 8. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Final performances—CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, June 30, at 8:30 (rain date, July 1), "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith DePaul, Joann Grillo, Carlotta Ordassy, and Enrico DiGiuseppe....PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, July 2, at 8:30 (rain date, July 4), "Fidelio," with Inge Borkh, Joy Clements, Robert Nagy, and Morley Meredith....BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Saturday, July 3, at 8:30 (rain date, July 4), "Faust," with Colette Boky, Joann Grillo, Jean Kraft, George Shirley, John Macurdy, Dominic Cossa, and Louis Sgarro.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays at 8, and Friday, July 2, for picnickers, at 7.)... ¶ Samuel Krachmalnick conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Lorne Munroe, cello. (Saturday, July 4, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 30, at 7 and 9:30: The Band and Happy & Artie Traum....¶ Friday and Saturday, July 2-3, at 8: Beach Boys, Ike and Tina Turner, and Kate Taylor....¶ Wednesday, July 7, at 7 and 9:30: Mongo Santamaria, Herbie Mann, and Roy Ayers....¶ Friday, July 9, at 7 and 9:30: Ravi Shankar....¶ Saturday, July 10, at 7 and 9:30: Melanie and Janey & Dennis. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays—except July 2—and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

Delacorte Theatre—A concert presented by the Society of Black Composers, performed by Max Roach, the Contemporary Gospel Choir, and the Natural Essence Ensemble. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Monday, July 5, at 8.)

Washington Square Park—The Pennywhistlers. (Tuesday, July 6, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Gaelic Park—Cat Stevens, Tim Hardin, and Kate Taylor. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, July 7, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Sheryl King, soprano. (Thursday, July 8, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people (where would we be without the beer people?) is being shown in various city parks on various dates at 9 P.M. through July 25. For program news and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Vs. Boston, July 11 (day). Milwaukee, July 15 (d) and July 16 (night). Chicago, July 17-18 (d) and July 19 (twi-night doubleheader). Minnesota, July 20 (n) and July 21-22 (d). Baltimore, Aug. 5-6 (n) and Aug. 7-8 (d). California, Aug. 10 (n), Aug. 11 (d), and Aug. 12 (n). Oakland, Aug. 13 (n) and Aug. 14-15 (d)....SHEA STADIUM: Vs. Houston, July 23 (night), July 24 (at 4:05), and July 25 (day). St. Louis, July 26-27 (n) and July 28 (d). Chicago, July 30 (n) and July 31-Aug. 1 (d). Cincinnati, Aug. 2 (n), Aug. 3 (twi-night doubleheader), and Aug. 4 (d).

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. July 22-25.)... ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 29-Aug. 1.)

Horse Shows—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. July 29-Aug. 1.)...¶ Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 3-7.)... ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 7.)

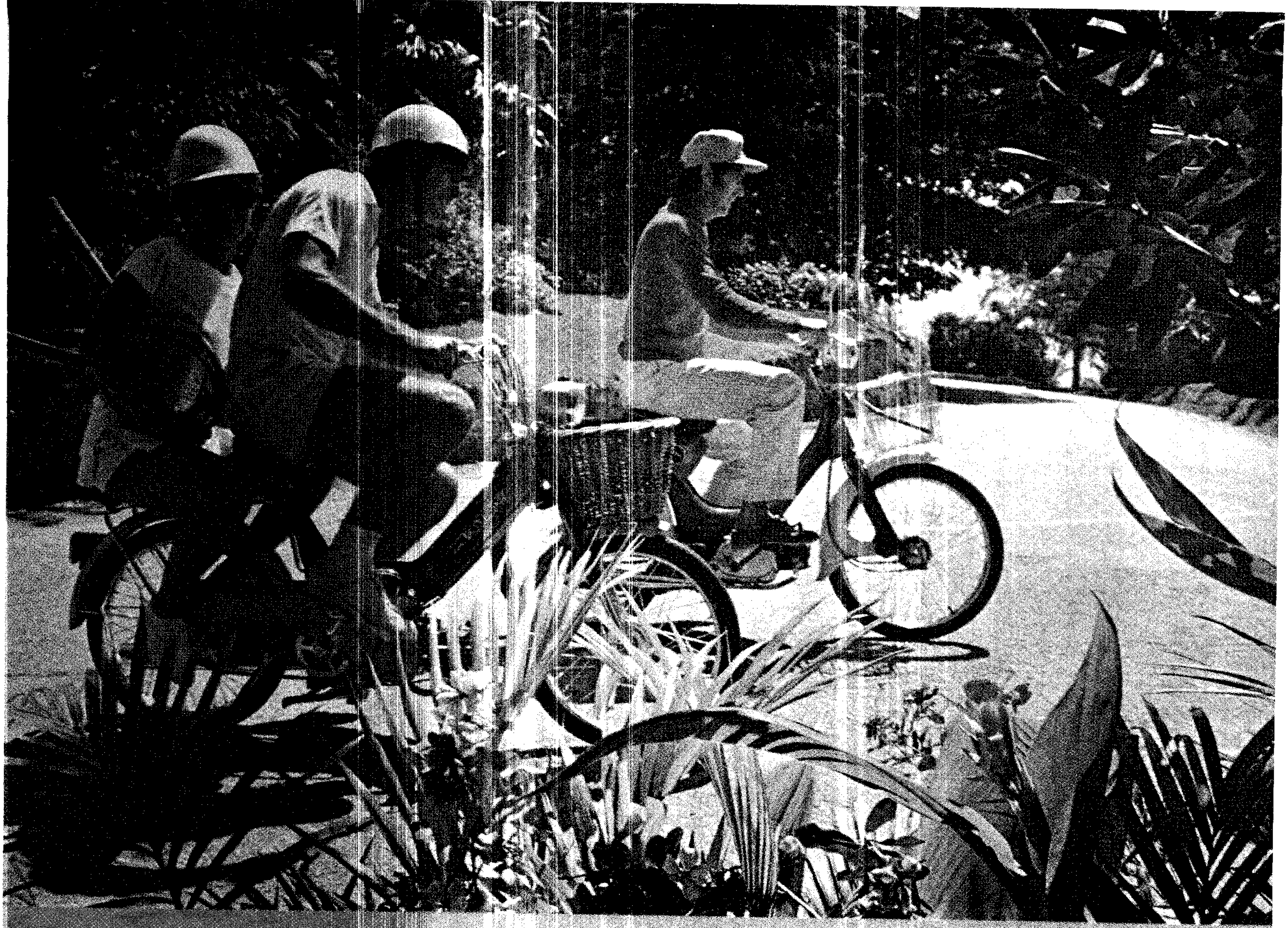
Racing—At SARATOGA: Aug. 2-28....ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing: Aug. 10-Oct. 18.

Tennis—U.S.L.T.A. Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Aug. 9-15.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: July 23-Oct. 14.

Music—PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): Mostly Mozart Festival, Aug. 2-28....OUT OF DOORS AND OUT OF TOWN: New York Philharmonic in Central Park, Aug. 3 and 10.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 3-28....¶ Newport Folk Festival, Newport, R. I., July 16-18.

Ballet—Stuttgart Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 20-Aug. 1.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Little Murders."

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
June 30: "The Hatchet Man."
July 1: "The Bride Wore Black."
July 2: "The Bride of Frankenstein."
July 3: "Casablanca."
July 4: "I'm No Angel."
July 5: "Vera Cruz."
July 6: "Kiss Me Deadly."
July 7: "All Quiet on the Western Front."
July 8: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 6: "The Confession" and "Little Fauss and Big Halsy."
From July 7: "Little Murders" and "Move."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Love Story."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Language of Love."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Klute."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 6: "Wild Rovers."
From July 7: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Fortune and Men's Eyes."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
June 30: "Taking Off."
From July 1: "Walkabout."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Glory Boy."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Willard."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Le Mans."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Unman, Wittering and Zigo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 6: "They Might Be Giants."
From July 7: "Two-Lane Blacktop."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Drive, He Said."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 1: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."
From July 2: "Shaft."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Wild Rovers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 6: "A New Leaf."
From July 7: "Summer of '42."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Little Big Man."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Anderson Tapes."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"What's the Matter with Helen?"

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through July 7: "Dirtymouth."
From July 8: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 6: "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "Yellow Submarine."
From July 7: "Summer of '42."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 6: "Gimme Shelter."
From July 7: "Grand Hotel" and "Anna Christie."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Fidel."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love Story."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 30: "Eclipse" and "La Guerre Est Finie."
July 1-3: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Viridiana."
July 4-5: "Los Olvidados" and "Nazarin."
July 6-7: "El" and "Simon of the Desert."
From July 8: "Senso" and "La Terra Trema."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 6: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
From July 7: "Willard."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
June 30: "High and Low."
July 1-4: "Red Angel" and "Bandits on the Wind."
July 5-7: "The Human Condition Trilogy."
From July 8: "Chushingura."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
June 30: "Plaza Suite."
From July 1: "Murphy's War."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 5 (tentative): "Lawrence of Arabia."
From July 6: "Adrift."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Language of Love."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Crook."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"What's the Matter with Helen?"

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 6: "The Confession" and "The Sterile Cuckoo."
From July 7: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 6: "Lawrence of Arabia."
From July 7: "Cat o' Nine Tails" and "Sudden Terror."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 30: "The Crowd Roars" and "Little Caesar."
July 1-2: "Arsenal" and "Boudu Saved from Drowning."
July 3-4: "Strike" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
July 5-6: "Earth" and "Children of Paradise."
July 7-8: "October" and "The Hunt."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 6: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
From July 7: "Willard."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 30: "Moulin Rouge" and "Oscar Wilde."
July 1: "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "The Big Sleep."
July 2: "8½" and "The Love Game."
July 3: "Breathless" and "My Life to Live."
July 4: "The African Queen" and "Animal Farm."
July 5: "Duck Soup" and "Cocoanuts."
July 6: "Le Million" and "Under the Roofs of Paris."
July 7: "The Baker's Wife" and "The Well-Digger's Daughter."
July 8: "Don Quixote" and "And Quiet Flows the Don."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 6: "The Damned."
From July 7: "Summer of '42."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Ján Kadár. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; starting July 6.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of director John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt, so it's no wonder that the captain finds her funny and irresistible. It's a great comedy-romance. (Thalia; July 4.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Lewis Milestone's famous film, from Remarque's novel. A bunch of German volunteers in the First World War go from school to the trenches in increasing cynicism and squalor. Eisenstein called the film a good Ph.D. thesis, but in spite of some truth in that, and the woodenness of Maxwell Anderson's script, the pacifist feeling is piercing enough for the film often to have been banned in politically vulnerable countries. Fred Zinnemann has a doubled bit part. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 7.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum.)

And Quiet Flows the Don (1960)—Directed by Sergei Gerasimov. In Russian. (Thalia; July 8.)

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative, so that the experience of the film becomes like looking at a political cartoon for too long. (Thalia; July 4.)

Anna Christie (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 7.)

Arsenal (1929)—Alexander Dovzhenko was the poet of the great Russian revolutionary film movement—not a mushy-headed poet but a poet whose startling imagery had a heat and pitch that Eisenstein and Pudovkin never approached. This classic film is an original and experimental celebration of social revolution. (New Yorker; July 1-2.)

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—Maybe the success of the play rubbed off on the movie because it was inexplicably popular. Frank Capra directed this laborious farce in which Cary Grant gives one of his rare terrible performances—he runs around in a frenzied, dithering manner, doing enormous double takes. With Raymond Massey and Peter Lorre, and, as the little old murderesses, Josephine Hull and Jean Adair. (Thalia; July 1.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

Bandits on the Wind (1961)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 1-4.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller, which is peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendoes. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot got so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out, either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Thalia; July 1.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (New Yorker; July 1-2.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Thalia; July 3.)

The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)—James Whale, Universal's pre-war master of horror pictures, made this Frankenstein sequel when the studio realized that killing off the Monster had been an act of commercial lunacy. Risking forgetfulness on the public's part, they blandly restored the destroyed money-spinner to life. The sequel is actually better than the original, for once. Elsa Lanchester's hair is dressed in the manner of a rather distraught Pharaoh's daughter, and Ernest Thesiger is a wonderfully eccentric scientist hellbent on discovering things about labelled and microscopic organisms in jars. Universal objected at the time that Boris Karloff had become too human, with his crusty jokes and his addiction to smoking. That may be part of the later time's pleasure in the piece. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 2.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 1.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank-doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (New Yorker; July 3-4.)

Carnal Knowledge—Mike Nichols and Jules Feiffer collaborated on this exposé of male-chauvinist claim to virility. Slick and sour. (Cinema I.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 3.)

Cat o' Nine Tails—With James Franciscus, Karl Malden, and Catherine Spaak, directed by Dario Argento. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 7.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; July 5-6.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 8.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Thalia; July 5.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Charles and Regency; through July 6.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris.)

The Crowd Roars (1932)—The Howard Hawks version, not the later film of the same name with Robert Taylor. This one has James Cagney and Joan Blondell in a racing-driver tale made with the usual Hawks skill and unpretentious technical flair. It is physically expressive, though it can't really be said to have all the metaphysical meaning awarded to his work by French critics who don't speak the language. (New Yorker; June 30.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Midtown; through July 6.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

Dirtymouth—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 7.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Thalia; July 8.)

Drive, He Said—With William Tepper and Karen Black, directed by Jack Nicholson. (Tower East.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia; July 5.)

Earth (1930)—The specific subject is collectivization, but Dovzhenko's masterwork is a passionate lyric on the continuity of man, death, and nature. The theme is perhaps most startlingly expressed in a sequence about a man who has just celebrated the arrival of a tractor. He starts to dance—for sheer love of life—on his way home, and as he dances in the middle of the moonlit road he is suddenly struck by a bullet. (Voted as among the ten greatest films of all time by an international group of critics.) (New Yorker; July 5-6.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Elgin; June 30.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Thalia; July 2.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 6-7.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 1-3.)

Fidel—A documentary film about Castro and Cuba today, directed by Saul Landau. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Trans-Lux East.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 6.)

Glory Boy—With Arthur Kennedy and Mitchell Ryan, directed by Ed Sherin. (Baronet.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the current Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed. (8th St. Playhouse; starting July 7.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Elgin; June 30.)

The Hatchet Man (1932)—With Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young, directed by William Wellman. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; June 30.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—Directed by Walon Green. (Paramount.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kuro-

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sawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 30.)

The Human Condition Trilogy—Directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. Part 1: "No Greater Love" (1959). Part 2: "Road to Eternity" (1959). Part 3: "A Soldier's Prayer" (1961). (Bijou Cinema; July 5-7.)

The Hunt (1966)—A terrifying allegory about the most dangerous game in the world, which is taking life. Directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (New Yorker; July 7-8.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably her best film, certainly one of her funniest. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 4.)

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties here, with a lot of signs that it was made by the man who was later to make "The Dirty Dozen." Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood, much admired by French *cinéastes* who confuse American power with American strength. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 6.)

Klute—Jane Fonda's intense performance as an intelligent call girl lifts this murder mystery out of its class. (Murray Hill.)

The Landlord (1970)—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (72nd St. Playhouse; through July 1.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous; through July 5, tentative. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through July 6.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. (Ciné Malibu.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (New Yorker; June 30.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard acts like Harpo Marx but makes the mistake of talking; Robert Redford makes the mistake of acting cute and raunchy. The film, directed by Sidney J. Furie, is about motorcycle racers, and it's insufferably smirky. (Charles; through July 6.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Art. . . . ¶ Charles; starting July 7.)

The Love Game (1960)—Philippe de Broca's wayward, featherweight comedy, one of the rare carefree films that came out of the early French New Wave, blessedly trivial. Geneviève Cluny is the girl who wants to get married; the whirling, dancing actor Jean-Pierre Cassel is the man trying to keep his freedom. Claude Chabrol plays a bit part. (This is the film that Godard used as the basis for "A Woman Is a Woman," but the original is far superior.) In French. (Thalia; July 2.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Gramercy and Greenwich.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in Robert Altman's artistic triumph—a sensitive, innovative film that places Altman in the top rank of directors, right next to the great Europeans. (Loew's Ciné.)

Le Million (1931)—René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate inevitability. With Annabella. In French. (Thalia; July 6.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own dry, light slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 8.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Thalia; June 30.)

Move (1970)—With Elliott Gould; a ghastly comedy about a man who—married to *Paula Prentiss*—can't make love to his wife because he is so worried about moving from a brownstone to an apartment house: the moving men won't come, and other big anxieties. (Charles; starting July 7.)

Murphy's War—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Music Hall; starting July 1.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Thalia; July 3.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 4-5.)

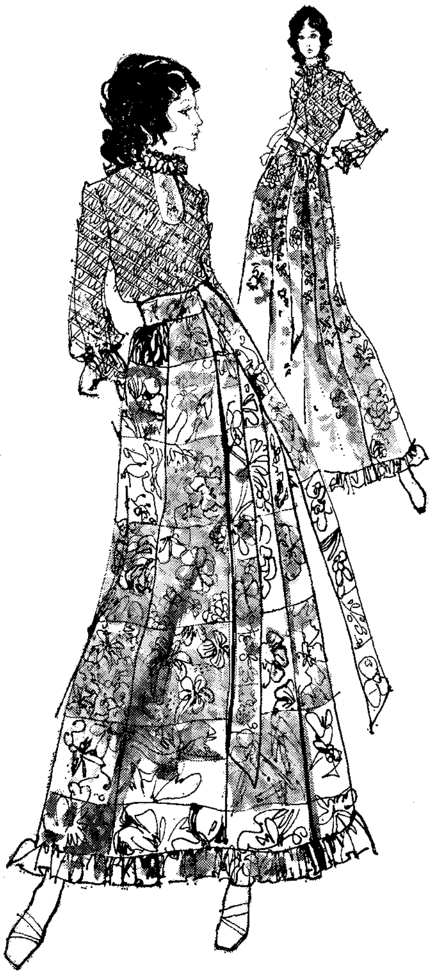
A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 6.)

October (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. Also called "Ten Days That Shook the World." (New Yorker; July 7-8.)

Los Olvidados ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency. With some great Surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 4-5.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Ziegfeld. Nightly at 8. Matinées Mondays through Fridays



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Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall; June 30.)

Red Angel (1963)—Directed by Yasuzo Masumura. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 1-4.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the *Risorgimento*. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. The picture had great trouble with the Italian censors because of its anti-institutional interpretation of the sources of historical change. ("The military were beaten in 1866 because the regulars refused to enroll the volunteers," Visconti said to us once.) A wonderful movie with a big sweep. In Italian. (Elgin; starting July 8.)

Shaft—With Richard Roundtree, directed by Gordon Parks. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting July 2.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 6-7.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Bad title but good little movie. Liza Minnelli plays a smart, funny, disordered college girl who fastens onto an ordinary, decent boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from a fine script by Alvin Sargent. (Regency; through July 6.)

Strike (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (New Yorker; July 3-4.)

Sudden Terror—Suspense story about a boy who witnesses an assassination. With Mark Lester, Lionel Jeffries, and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 7.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Midtown; starting July 7.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza; June 30.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty, it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Elgin; starting July 8.)

They Might Be Giants—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Beekman; through July 6.)

Two-Lane Blacktop—With James Taylor and Warren Oates, directed by Monte Hellman. (Beekman; starting July 7.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Waverly; through July 6.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—René Clair's lovely early musical. In French. (Thalia; July 6.)

Unman, Wittering and Zigo—David Hemmings plays a schoolteacher who has just left advertising, looking for a new life, and finds himself in the mayhem world of Form VB in a minor English public school. The script is by Simon Raven, a writer who rather savors the vicious snobberies that Evelyn Waugh wrote about with more scorn, though he has a true enough ear. The story is a melodrama about a course of victimization imaginatively executed by privileged boys whose delight might be said to lie in pulling the wings off houses. The film is a great deal more local than "If. . .," let alone "Zero for Conduct," and a great deal less poetic than either, but it is done with talent, and some of the acting scenes carry a powerful charge. (Cinema II.)

Vera Cruz (1954)—Directed by Robert Aldrich. Pretty low-level bang-bang. "Moral overtones" were discovered in it later by film buffs in Europe who could ignore the coarse grain of conventionality that Aldrich was working. Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster are plotting a *coup d'état* against the Emperor Maximilian. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 5.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 1-3.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza; starting July 1.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

What's the Matter with Helen?—With Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters, directed by Curtis Harrington. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (72nd St. Playhouse; through July 1.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Sutton.)

Oscar Wilde (1960)—The Gregory Ratoff version, with Robert Morley, which is nothing like as good as the Peter Finch version of the same time, but it is a harrowing and touching real tale of an age. Hypocrisy doesn't die, it just changes; you recognize the same society that hounded Profumo, and there are moments in the film when nerves are made to jump like fleas. Ralph Richardson plays an eminent English barrister, and the film is worth seeing for that alone, as well as for Morley's theatricality. (Thalia; June 30.)

Wild Rovers—With William Holden and Ryan O'Neal, directed by Blake Edwards. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through July 6.)

Willard—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting July 7.)

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory—With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart. (Juliet 1 and Guild. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; through July 6.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Waverly; through July 6.)

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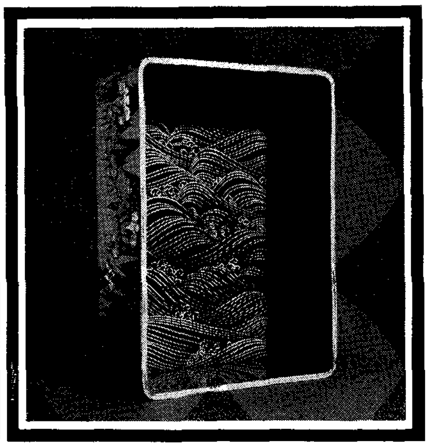

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Korin Ogata was only one of many Japanese artists held spellbound by it, demonstrating in this now priceless work how completely the Japanese spirit and the fathomless expanse of ocean are fused. Created some 250 years ago, Ogata's work shows how, even in everyday household items, the all-embracing ocean has impressed itself upon this land and its people.

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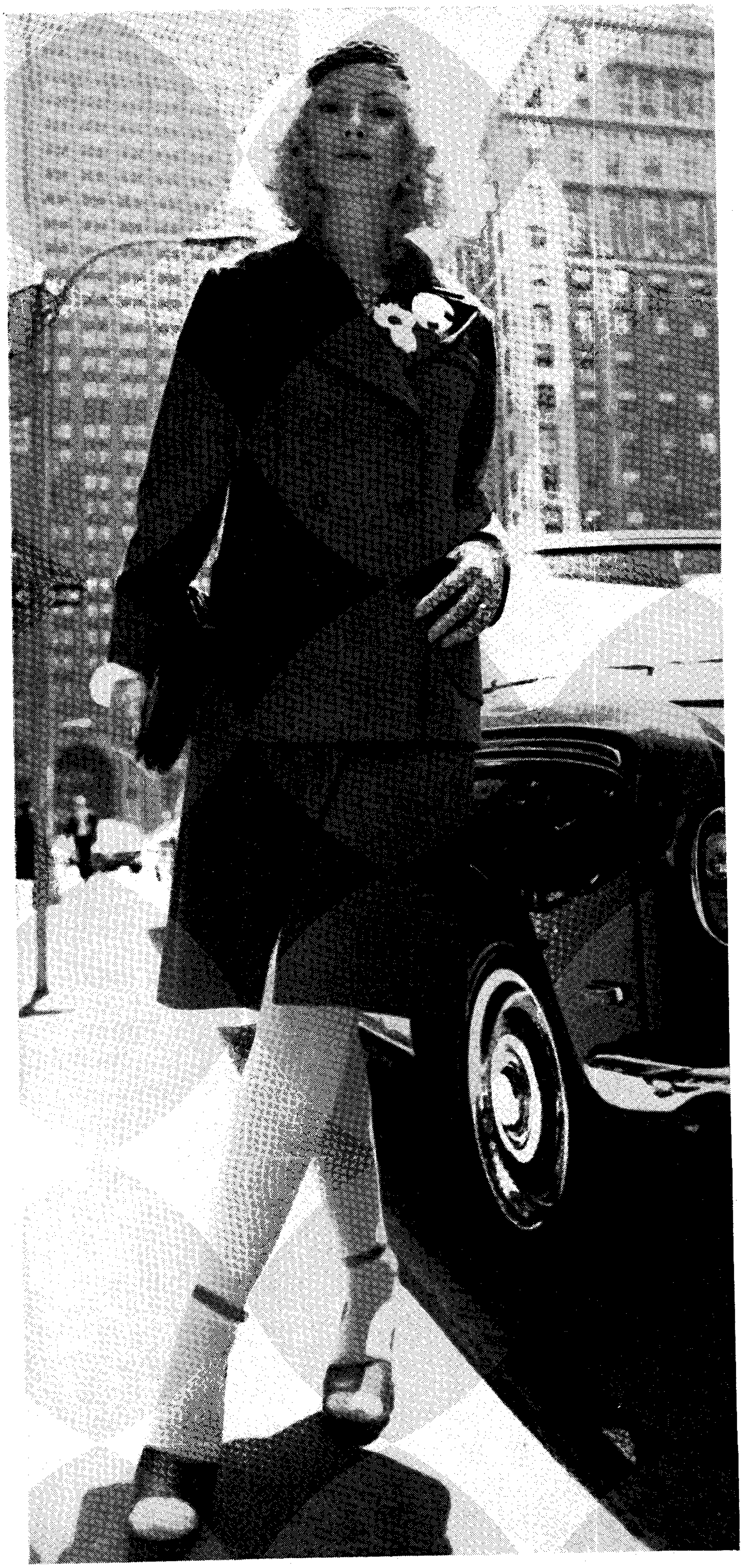


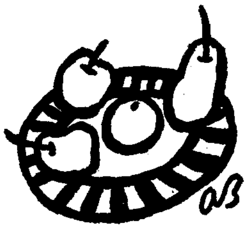
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST December, in accordance with the declared wishes of General Agha Muhammad Yahya Khan, the military dictator of Pakistan, free elections were held in that country for a constituent assembly that was to draft a constitution to return the government to civilian control. In the elections, the Awami League, the party of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, won by a majority, in part because it was based in East Pakistan, or East Bengal, where more than half of the hundred and thirty million Pakistanis live. The Awami League immediately put forward a demand for regional autonomy, which was supported by most East Pakistanis—and not without some reason, since East Pakistan is separated from West Pakistan by a thousand miles of Indian territory, is far poorer than West Pakistan, and for many years now has been economically exploited by West Pakistan. But General Yahya Khan, after some parleying, condemned the idea of regional autonomy as secessionist (though how the majority could secede from the minority was never established). Then, on the twenty-fifth of March, a little over three months after the elections, he shelved the idea of a constituent assembly and, much as General Yakubu Gowon had done in Biafra and President Joseph Mobutu in Katanga, ordered his troops to crush the "secessionist" movement. In the months since, a large part of the intellectual and artistic community of East Pakistan has been exterminated, and, by State Department estimates, at least two hundred thousand Bengalis have been massacred. The military action has so disrupted the planting cycle of rice, the staple crop, that, according to one responsible British correspondent, as many as twenty million Bengalis are in danger of dying of starvation by the onset of winter. In the meantime, nearly six million refugees have crossed the border into India, and a hundred thousand more are arriving every day. Some of them have found shelter in tents, but many of them have been herded into crude and insanitary camps where they must live and sleep in the open. Thousands of these refugees have already died in an outbreak of cholera, the camps are now being deluged by the monsoon rains, and it is feared that many thousands more will die, not only of cholera but of pneumonia and other diseases. In an attempt to prevent the spread of infection to Calcutta—where, even under normal conditions, a million destitute people sleep every night on the streets, and where most people have no running water and no sewage facilities of any kind—the Indian government has placed a sort of cordon around the city. Nevertheless, increasing numbers of refugees are slipping into Calcutta. The stability of India itself, the world's largest democracy, is threatened.

When, last November, almost half a million East Pakistanis perished in a flood, there was at least an outpouring of sympathy from the United States, and some medical and economic aid was provided. In contrast, not only has the unspeakable man-made disaster of recent months gone almost unnoticed here but until the middle of April America was shipping military supplies to General Yahya Khan's troops. True, our government has just pledged a total of ninety million dollars to India in connection with this crisis—about the amount it spends on the Vietnam war every couple of days—but only some of the money will go for direct relief of the refugees. Supposedly, one important reason we are still fighting in Vietnam is that our precipitate departure would lead to a massacre of South Vietnamese, but, despite the fact that hundreds of thousands of Bengalis *have been* massacred, President Nixon hasn't seen fit to make a single public statement about East Pakistan, ostensibly on the ground that Pakistan is a political and military ally, indispensable to the defense of Southeast Asia. It seems that the qualities of generosity and sympathy for which we as a people were long renowned have been so deadened during the Vietnam years that we are now unable to respond to the simplest and starkest of human emergencies.



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HISTORY may eventually record that the biggest strategic blunder of the Vietnam war was the shared decision of the Johnson and Nixon Administrations to squirrel away under "Secret," "Top Secret," and "Top Secret Sensitive" the forty-seven-volume Pentagon study of the war's origins and development—the decision that precipitated the Nixon Administration's attempt to suppress newspaper accounts of the study once they had begun to appear. Leaving the security aspects of the matter aside for a moment, the most significant result of the classification seems to have been that many of our current Indo-China-policy planners—men who desperately needed the insight to be gained from this study—had no knowledge of its existence, let alone its contents, until the *Times* broke the story, on June 13th. A full day later, the State Department was reported unable to locate its copy of the report, and the White House was said by a spokesman to be asking for a set of the volumes from the Pentagon. As for the question of security, if the purpose of the classification was to keep the report from public knowledge and the scrutiny of foreign analysts, the government might well have done better to declassify the papers, print them by the thousand at the Government Printing Office, and assign enthusiastic Pentagon public-relations officers to deliver them to every national news outlet and foreign embassy. It's possible that under those circumstances the study would have received about as much attention as the 1968 report of the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, which ran to five hundred and eighty pages: something under three pages of the *Times* was devoted to excerpts from it, and far less elsewhere, and thereafter it was relegated to an unmerited obscurity. However, the government instead sought and obtained federal-court orders that, by cutting off the story of the Pentagon study halfway through, placed unprecedented restraints on the publication of news, and in thus moving from the suppression of the truth by secrecy into out-and-out censorship it conferred upon the Pentagon study an importance even greater than its vast inherent importance. Also, as the government is now finding out, in a land where minds remain free the difficulties of censorship extend beyond what is Constitutionally permissible into what is administratively possible. Suppress a story in the *Times*, and it pops up in the Washington *Post*. Censor it out of the Washington *Post*, and there it is in the Boston *Globe*. "Would you be asking us to ride herd on a swarm of bees?" Judge Roger Robb, of the District of Columbia Circuit Court of Appeals, asked Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold during the proceedings in Washington last week. The point about the truth and about news, which, after all, may be a form of truth, is that, once set free, they, unlike the newspapers, fall within no court's jurisdiction. Suppress them in the approximately seventeen hundred daily American newspapers and in the magazines, keep them off television and the radio, and still they will circulate—passed from hand to hand in typescript, if necessary, like Solzhenitsyn manuscripts in Russia.

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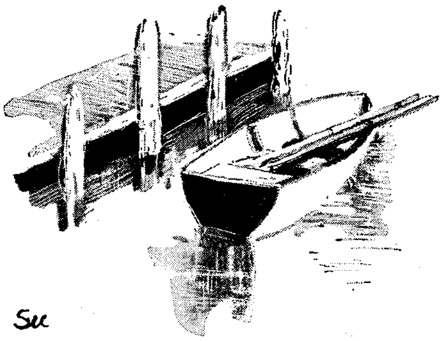
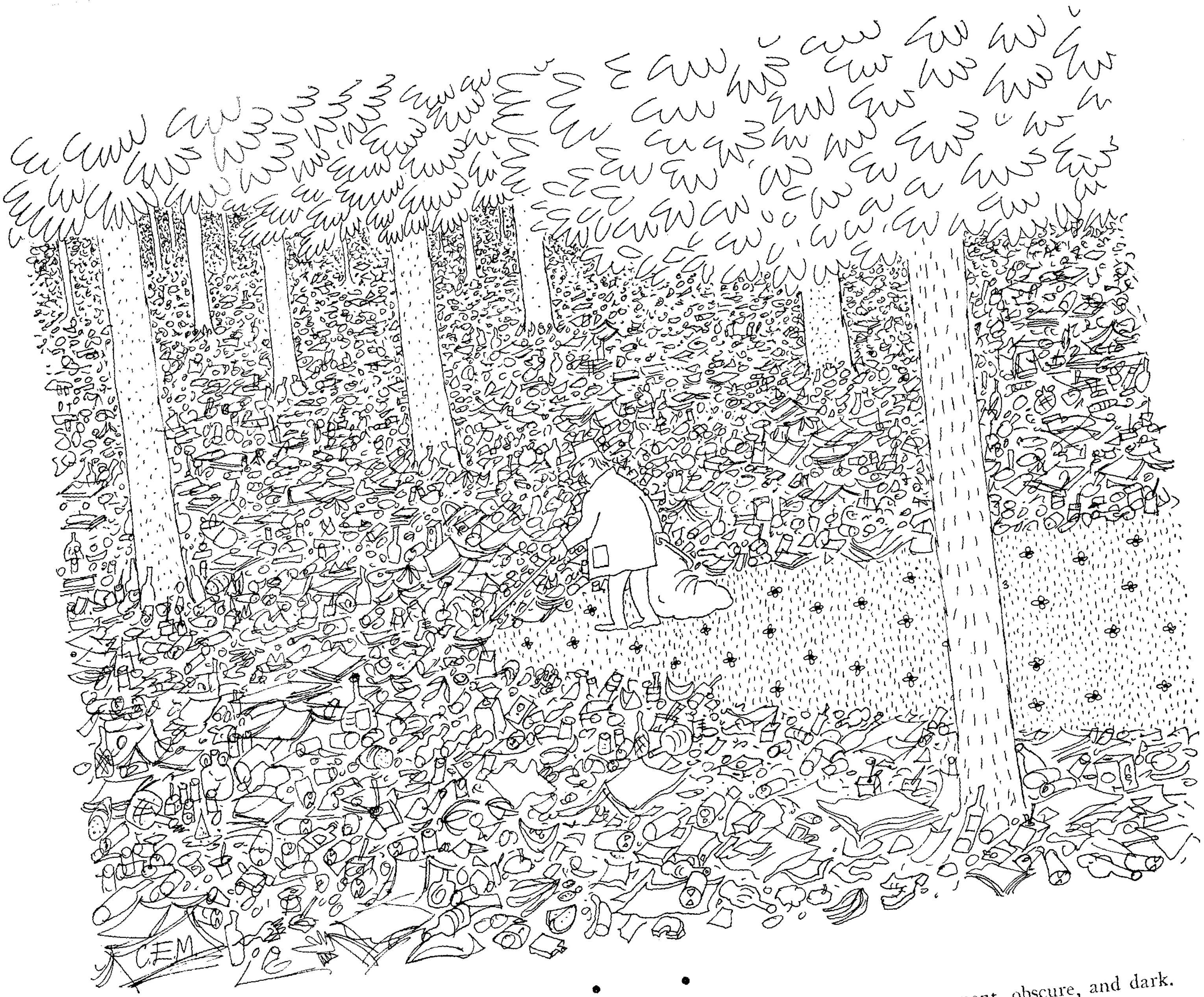
THE will of a free people to go to war combines some of a people's best instincts with some of its worst instincts to form a powerful force that, for better or worse, invades every aspect of the national life and alters every private life. It can inspire tremendous courage in citizens and soldiers, and fire a country's leaders to great eloquence; it can also be used to override freedom and to sanction crimes. It is not easily aroused, but once it is aroused it is not easily dampened. It can be manipulated but not manufactured, and it cannot be faked. During the Indo-China war, this will has been nearly absent in the United States. The public began by ignoring the war, then grew, for a while, to tolerate it, and now has come to oppose it. There are countless reasons for this coolness, and among them, no doubt, is the fact that this war was conceived as a "limited war." (In our times, a "limited war" is a war that stops short of planetary destruction.) Our war aims included such goals as "demonstrating the credibility of our deterrent," and the public found it difficult to get very fired up over these. (It also had little taste for "victory" in this particular war, as the fate of Barry Goldwater in 1964 clearly indicated.) One thing we can learn from this war is what it is like for a democracy to wage a major war without a popular mandate. In theory, of course, it is always the popular mandate that gives the war strategists permission to go ahead with their plans. But in this war public support, instead of being the foundation of all strategy, became just another strategic problem. As the Pentagon study shows, the strategists' method of dealing with this new problem was to create momentum by taking clandestine action. They acted on the hypothesis that if people wouldn't support the idea of sending our troops to Vietnam, they would support our troops once they discovered that the troops were already there. In this way, the question of whether to go to war and the question of how to prosecute the war were rolled together into a single issue, and the war strategists were able to take charge of both questions. But Presidents and Vice-Presidents still live with one foot in the public realm, and they have had to try, from time to time, to stir up the old kind of popular support that is supposed to be the basis of any war effort. One of their favorite ways of doing this has been to compare America in Indo-China to England in the Second World War. For example, when Johnson was Vice-President, he once referred to Ngo Dinh Diem as the Churchill of Asia, and President Nixon has also invoked Churchill, by referring to our years in Indo-China as one of America's "finest hours." (Things got confused when reporters recalled that Nguyen Cao Ky had told them it was Hitler whom he admired.)

Recently, we read a work written during the original finest hours—the diaries of Harold Nicolson from 1939 to 1945. There's a difference. Nicolson was a Member of Parliament and, for a time, a minor figure in Churchill's Government. His instincts were élitist, and he could write, "I know that such a life [the cultured life] as lived by Vita [his wife] and myself is 'good' in the philosophical sense. We are humane, charitable, just, and not vulgar. By God we are not vulgar!" For all that, the will of a whole people in wartime is alive on every page of his diary. To an American in 1971, what is most striking to encounter there—and, in a way, most painful, because of its absence in America today—is the paradoxical ebullience (what Nicolson calls the "gaiety") of England preparing to meet Hitler. Nicolson describes Churchill giving a speech to the House of Commons in September, 1939, before he became Prime Minister: "The effect of Winston's speech was infinitely greater than could be derived from any reading of the text. His delivery was really amazing and he sounded every note from deep preoccupation to flippancy, from resolution to sheer boyishness. One could feel the spirits of the House rising with every word. . . . In those twenty minutes Churchill brought himself nearer the post of Prime Minister than he has ever been before. In the Lobbies afterwards even Chamberlainites were saying, 'We have now found our leader.' Old Parliamentary hands confessed that never in their experience had they seen a single speech so change the temper of the House." In July, 1940, by which time Chamberlain had stepped down, Nicolson testifies again to Churchill's power to rally the House of Commons: "The House is at first saddened by this odious attack but is fortified by Winston's speech. The grand finale ends in an ovation, with Winston sitting there with the tears pouring down his cheeks." (An American in 1971 has a hard time imagining any of his recent Presidents sitting before an audience with tears rolling down their cheeks.) Here is how, at a later date, Churchill deals with news of military reverses: "He is rather grim. He brings home to the House as never before the gravity of our shipping losses and the danger of our position in the Eastern Mediterranean. It has a good effect. By putting the grim side foremost he impresses us with his ability to face the worst. He rubs the palms of his hands with five fingers extended up and down the front of his coat, searching for the right phrase, indicating cautious selection, conveying almost medicinal poise.





If Chamberlain had spoken glum words such as these the impression would have been one of despair and lack of confidence. Churchill can say them and we all feel, 'Thank God that we have a man like that!' . . . Thereafter he slouches into the smoking-room and reads the *Evening News* intently, as if it were the only source of information available to him." (An American, at this point, must think of the abortive invasion of Laos.) Late in 1940, Nicolson had a glass of sherry with Churchill: "He is more solid about the face and thinner. But there is something odd about his eyes. The lids are not in the least weary, nor are there any pouches or black lines. But the eyes themselves are glaucous, vigilant, angry, combative, visionary, and tragic. In a way they are the eyes of a man who is much preoccupied and is unable to rivet his attention on minor things (such as me). But in another sense they are the eyes of a man faced by an ordeal or tragedy, and combining vision, truculence, resolution, and great unhappiness." Of his own feelings, Nicolson wrote to his wife, "I really feel that I can do some good, and I am *embattled*. I did not know that I possessed such combative instincts. Darling, why is it that I should feel so *gay*? Is it, as you said, that I am pleased at discovering in myself forces of manliness which I did not suspect? I feel such contempt for the cowards. And such joy that you and I should so naturally and without effort find ourselves on the side of the brave." Later, he wrote to his wife, "We may fail. But supposing we do not fail? That was their finest hour. I have always loved England. But now I am in love with England. What a people! What a chance! The whole of Europe humiliated except us. And the chance that we shall by our stubbornness give victory to the world." And of the resolve of the English people he wrote, "I believe that what will win us this war is the immense central dynamo of British pride. The Germans have only assertiveness to pit against it. That is transitory. Our pride is permanent, obscure, and dark. It has the nature of infinity."

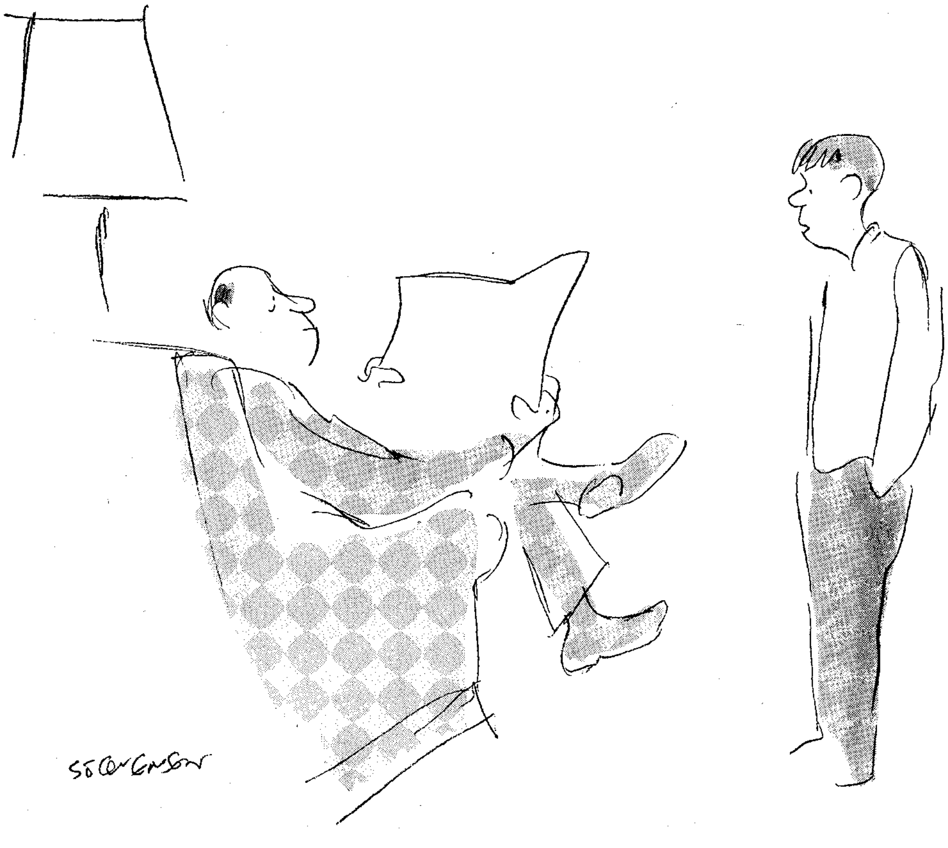
Passed

POSITIVELY the last public meeting on the city's 1971-72 operating budget was held on a steamy night last week in the ornately panelled City Council Chamber, in the east wing of City Hall, while the fans whirred, Council orators in yellow, green, and purple shirtsleeves took the opportunity to outline their long-range fiscal and political philosophies, a councilwoman's teen-age daughter, wearing vermillion shorts, watched from a corner stall reserved for distinguished Council guests, Council President Sanford Garelik, in a wilted blue shirt, presided from his mahogany throne at the front of the room, resting his head from time to time against its red velvet upholstery, and, from the far side of the room, a six-foot iron statue of Thomas Jefferson on a pedestal surveyed the scene, its hand over its heart. That afternoon, for the first time in months, the signs being waved by City Hall's daily contingent of pickets had had nothing to do with appropriations or taxes. Instead, they read "Thomas Cuite Is Anti-Homosexual!" and "Cuite Oppresses 500,000 New York Gays"—messages inspired by the recent refusal of the Council, of which Brooklyn Councilman Thomas Cuite is majority leader, to take action on a bill outlawing discrimination against local citizens on the basis of their "sexual orientation." Since eleven o'clock that morning, the Council's Finance Committee had been in session, debating which taxes to accept, which to reduce, and which to reject among those the State Legislature had empowered the city to levy on its citizens, the committee's operations being inhibited by the understanding that its total cuts wouldn't unbalance the budget on which the Mayor, the Council leaders, and the members of the Board of Estimate—the city's other legislative body—had finally reached a tortured compromise after all-night negotiations. At three-forty-three that afternoon, while the Finance Committee continued to argue, the eight members of the Board—the Mayor, the President of the City Council, the Comptroller, and the five Borough Presidents—had filed into the Board of Estimate Chamber, in City Hall's west wing, to make their final move. As Mayor Lindsay and Comptroller Abraham Beame settled into adjacent chairs, their faces were tense and unsmiling, and, in view of the insults that the two men had traded in the previous weeks, this was no surprise.

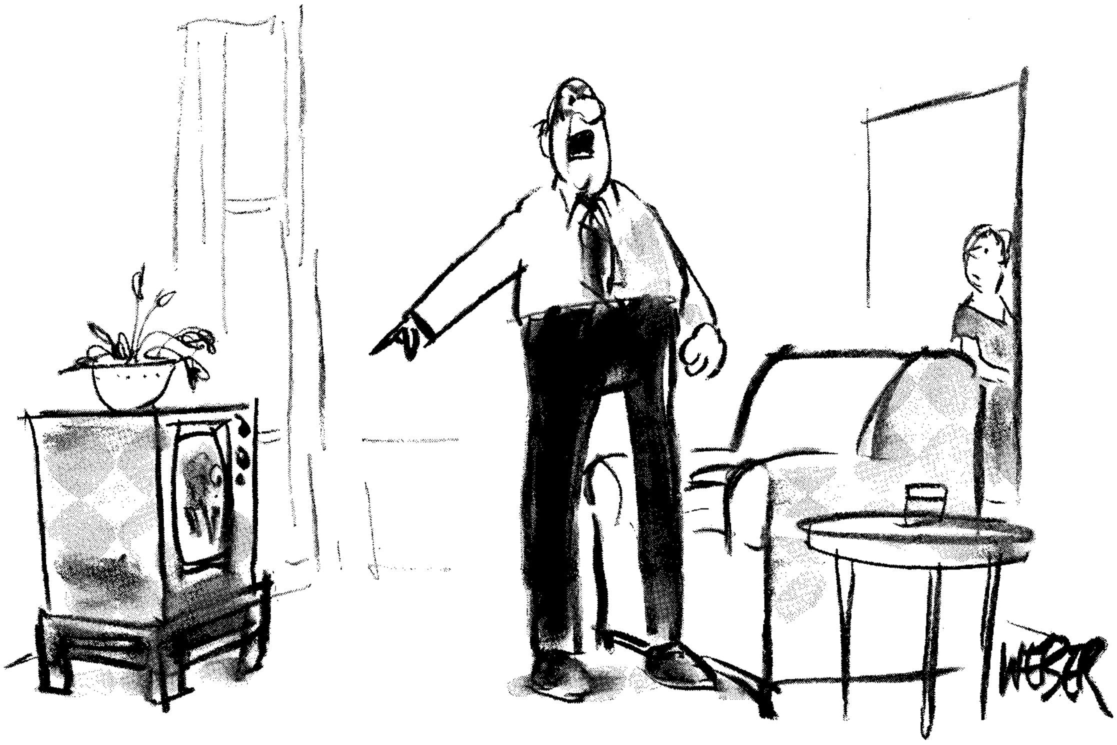
The Mayor announced that he was voting against the compromise budget, on the ground that its estimate of the revenue accruing to the city during the next twelve months—up seventy-seven million dollars from his total, though far less than the estimate of a three-hundred-and-thirty-million-dollar rise that Beame had put forward—represented "an overly risky course of action" in a recessive economy. He added, however, that he would not veto the budget, and it was then approved by Beame and the other Board members. While the Borough Presidents were making successive ceremonial speeches expressing restrained satisfaction with the results and, above all, gratitude that the ordeal was over, the Mayor and the Comptroller suddenly turned toward each other and began chatting amiably. Only the final speaker, Borough President Robert Connor, of Staten Island, declined to join in the détente. The onerous budget, he said, looking straight at Lindsay, would lead only to a further exodus of business from the city, a further erosion of the tax base, and a deepening of the crisis at budget time next year. As the Mayor listened to the grim forecast, he leaned back in his chair, rolled his eyes, and laughed out loud. After shaking hands all around, he took off for a walking tour of the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—the scene of a recent minor riot because of uncollected garbage, which the residents, angrily calling his attention to rows of overflowing garbage pails, charged was still piling up and getting little attention from his Sanitation Department.

Council President Garelik still had another long night of budget activity ahead of him. The final meeting of the Council, at which the law required that a budget be passed by midnight—preferably the same one endorsed by the Board of Estimate—finally got under way at 7:35 P.M., two hours after the Finance Committee had settled on its tax package. (Increases in the price of beer, the fees for liquor licenses, and the cost of a Staten Island ferry ride were out, for instance; taxes on leaded gasoline, mortgages, and plastic containers were in, along with an eighty-per-cent increase in the city's personal-income tax.) The first councilman to try to amend the figures was Leon Katz, of Brooklyn, who urged the Council to start all over and cut between half a million and three million dollars from each of some twenty city agencies. Forty-five minutes later, as Katz talked on, most of the councilmen had formed small sociable groups or were moving about the room and stopping off here and there, like nightclub table hoppers. "I heard that 'Mr. Smith Goes to Washington' was on the 'Late Show' the other night, and I'm afraid Leon saw it," said one Brooklyn councilman, shaking his head.

The Katz amendments won only eight votes, but two that were introduced by Councilman Carter Burden, of Manhattan, did considerably better. Burden, a slim young man in a pink shirt, took his pipe out of his mouth long enough to suggest the reduction by eight hundred thousand dollars of a twelve-hundred-thousand-dollar budget item to support what he described as a hundred-and-two-man subdivision of the City Planning Commission charged with preparing the city's Master Plan. The Master Plan, he pointed out, had been completed a year ago. He also proposed a million-dollar cut in the city's two-and-a-half-million-dollar contribution to the operating costs of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, declaring that the Metropolitan, "the richest museum in the world," received twenty-three per cent of all cultural funds in the city's budget. Much of that money, he added, could be used to improve the cultural facilities of other boroughs—a suggestion that caused several councilmen from those other boroughs



"Hey, Pop, can I borrow the youth fare to Europe?"



"Margaret, turn that damn thing off! William Buckley just came out in favor of the Bill of Rights!"

to turn and look with new interest at the relative of the Vanderbilts and the Paleys, who had been referred to as "our playboy" for months after he came on the Council, in January, 1970. Councilman Arthur Katzman, of Queens, was especially enthusiastic about this proposal. "Culture belongs to all New Yorkers, not just those in Manhattan, and not just lily-white Wasps, either," he said, and then took some time to denounce the presence of "lily-white Wasps" on the Metropolitan's board of directors. As the Burden amendments began to pile up votes on the roll call, some quick forays around the room were made by the Democratic floor leaders (thirty of the thirty-seven councilmen are Democrats), and toward the end of the alphabet the yea votes fell off. Even so, the amendments got fifteen votes out of twenty-one needed to pass them, and one councilman had abstained. During the rest of the meeting, Mr. Burden ambled around the room pointing out happily that four more yeas would have done it.

When the roll call on the budget itself was taken, the councilmen's favorite prologues to casting their votes consisted of boasts that the Council had shown the Mayor up by cutting his requests for new taxes by a hundred and twenty-seven million dollars; of calls for the elimination of the rival Board of Estimate from the budgeting process, and perhaps from the city government; and of denunciations of Lindsay's scare talk about the dire consequences to the city if his nine-billion-dollar budget wasn't accepted. On the last point, Manhattan Councilman Eldon Clingan declared that the people of New York had been misled and betrayed by "the Mayor's annual charade." Bronx Councilman Bertram Gelfand said that if it was true that the city had been raped by the State Legislature, as the Mayor claimed, one should remember that rape often involved extreme provocation by the alleged victim. Brooklyn Councilman William Thompson, one of the Council's two black members, challenged the claim that the Council had severely cut the Mayor's budget requests. Instead of making cuts, he declared, the Council had simply overestimated the possible increase in revenue and had predicted a most improbable decrease of forty-three million dollars in welfare costs. According to his figures, the cuts came to no more than eleven and a half million dollars. "There's an African word, *'lwa,'* whose meaning I don't know for sure," he concluded sarcastically, "but to me it stands for 'Lindsay Wins Again.' "

The longest speech was that of Manhattan Councilman Theodore Weiss, who said he would like to comment on some statements made during the evening. "Many of us seem to have fallen into the trap of thinking of John Lindsay as the enemy," he said. Though he held no brief for the Mayor in many respects, he told his colleagues, the enemies "are poverty and ignorance and the heedlessness of the city's problems on the part of Albany and Washington." He maintained that if Lindsay hadn't sent out panicky warnings about the city's prospects, "he would never have got another hundred million dollars out of Washington or an increase in revenue sharing from the state."

The budget passed almost unanimously at eleven-twenty-two, and, thirty minutes later, so did the Finance Committee's proposed tax package. For more than an hour after that, the Council stayed on in the Chamber, wrangling over bills unrelated to the budget. Most of them were sent back to committee, but one came to a vote—a move by Manhattan Councilman Robert Postel to discharge from the Housing Committee a seven-month-old proposal of his to increase from thirty-five to fifty-one the percentage of tenants whose consent was required before an apartment house could be converted into a coöperative. In all its history, not a single major housing bill offered by a Council member had been brought to a vote, Postel complained, and he went on to say that of sixty-five bills passed by the Council in 1970 only eighteen had been offered by councilmen, and only ten of these had been of the slightest importance.

"Oh, well, they govern best that govern least," remarked Queens Councilman Edward Sadowsky, playing the comedian.

"My God, can't we do better than that?" Postel asked passionately. "We talk of eliminating the Board of Estimate. Maybe we should eliminate the City Council."

"O.K.—if you go first!" a Brooklyn councilman shouted from the back of the room.

The move to dislodge the Postel bill lost by eight votes. At a quarter to one, Mr. Cuite, a dignified man, who had kept his jacket on throughout the evening, stepped forward to congratulate all those present on their valiant service, and at the motion to adjourn, subject to call, the city's legislators surged through the Council Chamber doors and down the stairs, having authorized the city to expend, during the next twelve months, $8,566,216,466.00.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

A BIG man with a municipal face was swimming toward Edward and Emily Prendergast across the glassy Mediterranean.

"Morning!" he shouted to Sir Edward, who is a judge. A tall, skinny man, with a soft voice that sometimes strikes the court as coming from behind his left ear. He has been married to Emily for nearly forty years. Emily is a woman of obscure stylishness who gardens, carpenters, reads science fiction, bottles fruit and pickles according to Elizabethan family recipes, and writes the most popular low comedies of the century. They are done weekly on the radio in the lunch hour, and people listen to them in factories by the million.

The big man splashed up to Edward and held his hand out of the water cordially, bobbing up and down.

"How do you do?" Edward said, turning his august profile with a politeness that Emily didn't believe necessarily to be lasting.

"Long time no see," said the big man.

"Have we met?" said Edward.

There he goes, Emily thought gaily.

"In the B.B.C. canteen," the big man said. "You came to pick up your lady wife one day after a rehearsal. You won't remember. Long ago. I was the producer."

Two striking bodies were swimming after the big man, lifting themselves rhythmically out of the water with the butterfly stroke. Magnificent tanned shoulders consecutively emerged. One pair male, one female, probably, Emily thought.

"I don't believe you know Maximilian Keller," the big man said, making introduction gestures awkwardly a few inches above the surface of the sea, "and Jo-Ann Sills. Maximilian is from the University of Basel and Jo-Ann is from the University of California at Los Angeles."

"I'm the archivist who bothered you last April, and I wondered if you'd had any second thoughts," Jo-Ann said to Edward. Her long hair spread out in the water around her.

"Second thoughts about what?" said Edward.

"About letting us have your papers for the Sir Edward Prendergast Collection and the Lady Prendergast Collection—the *Emily Firle* Collection."

"The only papers we seem to keep are bills, and they're for the accountant," Emily said.

"But you must have kept your manuscripts," the beautiful girl said, and turned her head to Edward in the sea. "Your office surely must have kept your briefs over the years."

Emily stayed quiet, treading water and wondering where the others' breath for talking came from.

"And what about your memorabilia?" said Jo-Ann.

"*Is* there an Edward Prendergast Collection?" said Edward. "*What* Lady Prendergast Collection? What the hell are memorabilia?"

" 'Emily Firle,' I said," Jo-Ann answered in a voice of quartz.

"Don't ignore Women's Liberation," Emily said privately to Edward.

He made one of his expostulatory noises, seldom employed but powerful, and looked at her carefully from ten feet away in the water, lifting his spectacles to the bridge of his nose and then having to peer under them because they were crusted with salt, raising his head rather merrily, like a sea lion balancing a ball on its snout. "Are you all right?" he said, moving round so that he had his back to the others.

"Bored," she said softly.

"What's the big man's name?" he said in his lowest voice.

"I don't know." It was someone she had been to bed with. Long ago. Nothing. But indecent to forget. She made an effort: "David Willoughby, I think."

"Maximilian and Jo-Ann wrote a joint thesis about you both," Willoughby said loudly.

Emily had turned onto her back to save her strength and was staring at the sun.

"About us?" she said, turning upright again to go on treading water.

The talk in the sea lasted for another half an hour. Maximilian said grimly that his special interest was humor, and Jo-Ann said that her topic in the thesis had been the theme of male chauvinism in Edward's published legal opinions.

"What do you think of Women's Lib?" she said to Emily.

"I should think it's quite right, probably. Is anyone else tired?"

" 'Probably'? I hear doubt here," Maximilian said, raising a finger astutely out of the water.

"Shall we go in?" Emily said.

"Doubt, when you're generally so decided? Crisp? In your dialogue?" Maximilian said with disappointment.

"Doubt is the courtesy of the intellect," Edward said, sounding irritable and throwing his voice like a cat.

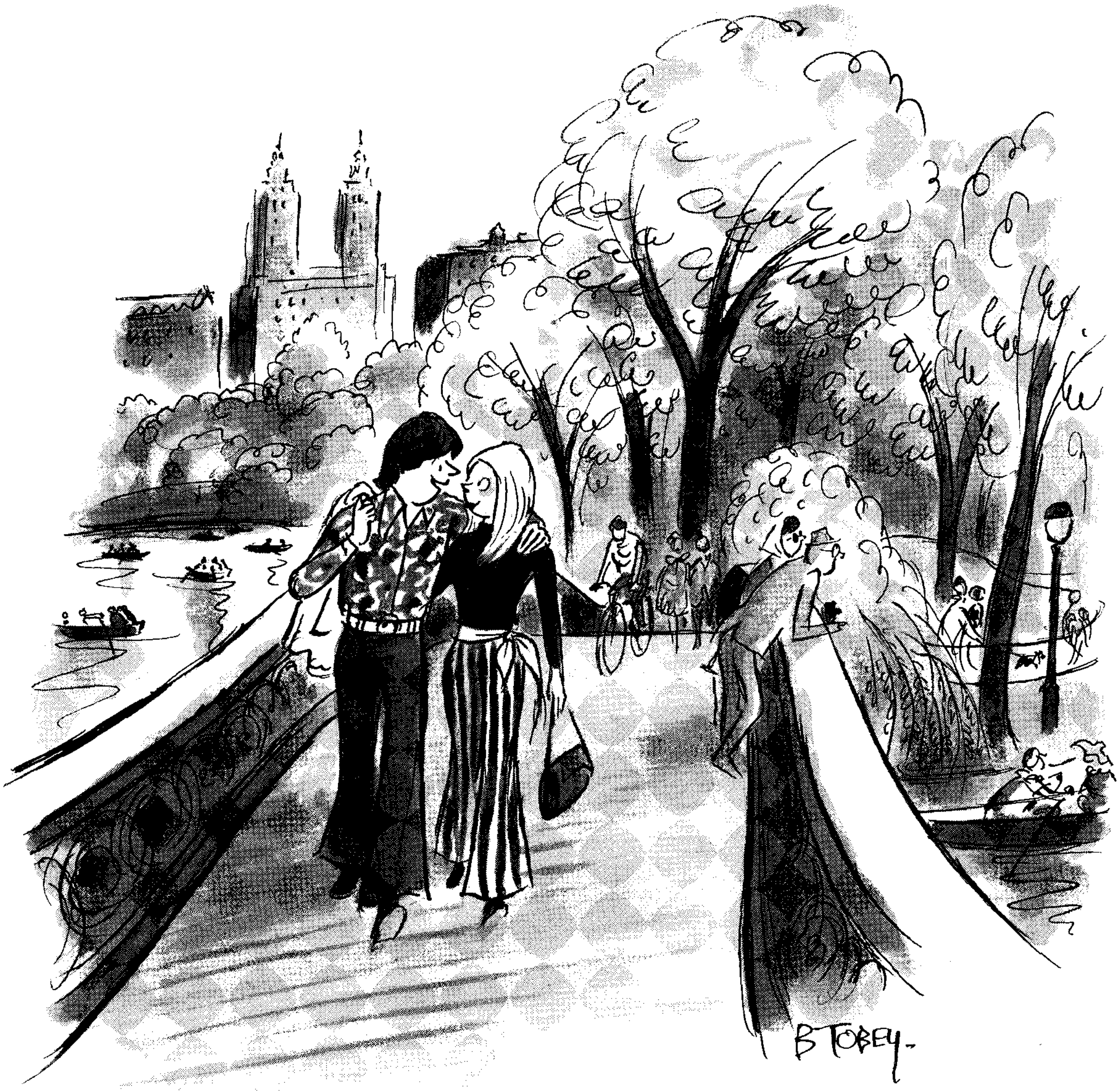
"And that seems to me a very uncharacteristic thing for *you* to say," Willoughby said firmly. He lifted his hand out of the water to smooth his hair. Emily tried to remember if she had ever known in the days of seeing him that he was such a strong swimmer, but nothing much came back.

At the same time she said, exhausted, "Not really uncharacteristic. If it weren't that a judge has to decide a case, quite a few of Edward's legal opinions would probably end in a question mark."

Maximilian drew out a plastic notebook from underwater with his left hand and started to make a note in it with his right, using a gadget pencil with his name on it in gold.

Emily only then took in that the others were not swimming at all but standing on the bottom, and that the reason she was worn out from treading water was that she was a good eight or twelve inches shorter than the rest. It made her laugh, and she sank. She had not had a violent case of laughing for years. She came up once and tried to get out a cry for help to the others standing there, but the laughing gripped her lungs and they thought she was fooling. She choked and spat out some seawater and then swallowed a lungful as she went into a spasm again. She sank slowly to the bottom and opened her eyes and saw the legs of the four underwater. One pair Californian legs, one pair Swiss legs, one pair forgotten legs, one pair Edward's legs. My finishing-school clothes list: One pair plimsolls, one pair best silk stockings, one Liberty bodice, amen, we give Thee most humble and hearty thanks, we Thine unworthy servants. Damn. I can remember everything. Life up to its old clichés again. I suppose it means I'm drowning. The three of them are presiding over us like a tribunal. She lost track.

Her husband, seventy-four, was the one who fished her out. Willoughby helped. The hale and hearty young archivists stood by, worried that she might die—worried partly because of the venerable old man's fever that she shouldn't, and partly because of professional affront at the possibility of all that memorabilia going west.



"What a day to be alive, eh, baby? Not too hot, not too cool, and even the air is Acceptable."

• •

"YOU have an immense output," Willoughby said severely to Emily a few weeks later, leaning over her desk as if he were a judge himself. "Would you say that you were first rate or second rate?"

She and Edward were sitting together in their Dorset drawing room, in their chairs on each side of the fireplace, where they always sat. Jo-Ann and Maximilian and Willoughby were across the room, where visitors always sat. A stenographer was taking things down. The archivists had won.

"You don't need to answer the question," Edward said to her.

"A bit ropy," she said to Willoughby.

"The arranging of work in a hierarchy is a fat-headed process," Edward said to Willoughby.

"Would you deny that Lady Prendergast's work has literary worth, then? Just because it's humorous?" Willoughby said to Edward.

"Just because she's produced over a thousand scripts and books?" Maximilian said. "Personally, I rank the *œuvre* very high."

Œuvre, Emily thought. Blimey.

"So do I," Edward said. "But then, for me, *she* ranks high, don't you see."

"But how would you place your work, though?" Maximilian said to Emily. "In the event of your death, will it stand up?"

"I shouldn't think so, should you?" she said.

"Gas about posterity," Edward said, making a sort of barking noise and then lighting his pipe.

"Huh?" said Willoughby.

"What matters is the needs which art answers," Edward said. "I think that may be right. Could we have crumpets for tea?"

" 'I think that may be right,' " Emily said. "I like the way you say that."

Willoughby was shaking his head at the stenographer. "You can leave all that out. Everything after 'which art answers.' It wouldn't signify. Don't bother about taking anything down when you see me shaking my head."

"Conversations about lousiness," Emily said to Edward.

"Yes," Edward said. They ran over a few in their minds, having acquired the same references.

"Huh?" said Maximilian.

"She means there can be a certain quality to the rotten," Edward said.

"Can we go into that?" said Maximilian, and Willoughby signalled to the stenographer to start again.

"No," Edward said.

After a pause, Emily said, "There was once a very popular act called the Apple Blossom Sisters. They were popular because they were so lousy. They were singers and they couldn't sing a note in tune. The management would put up a screen in front of them and provide the audience with bad eggs and moldy tomatoes to pelt them with."

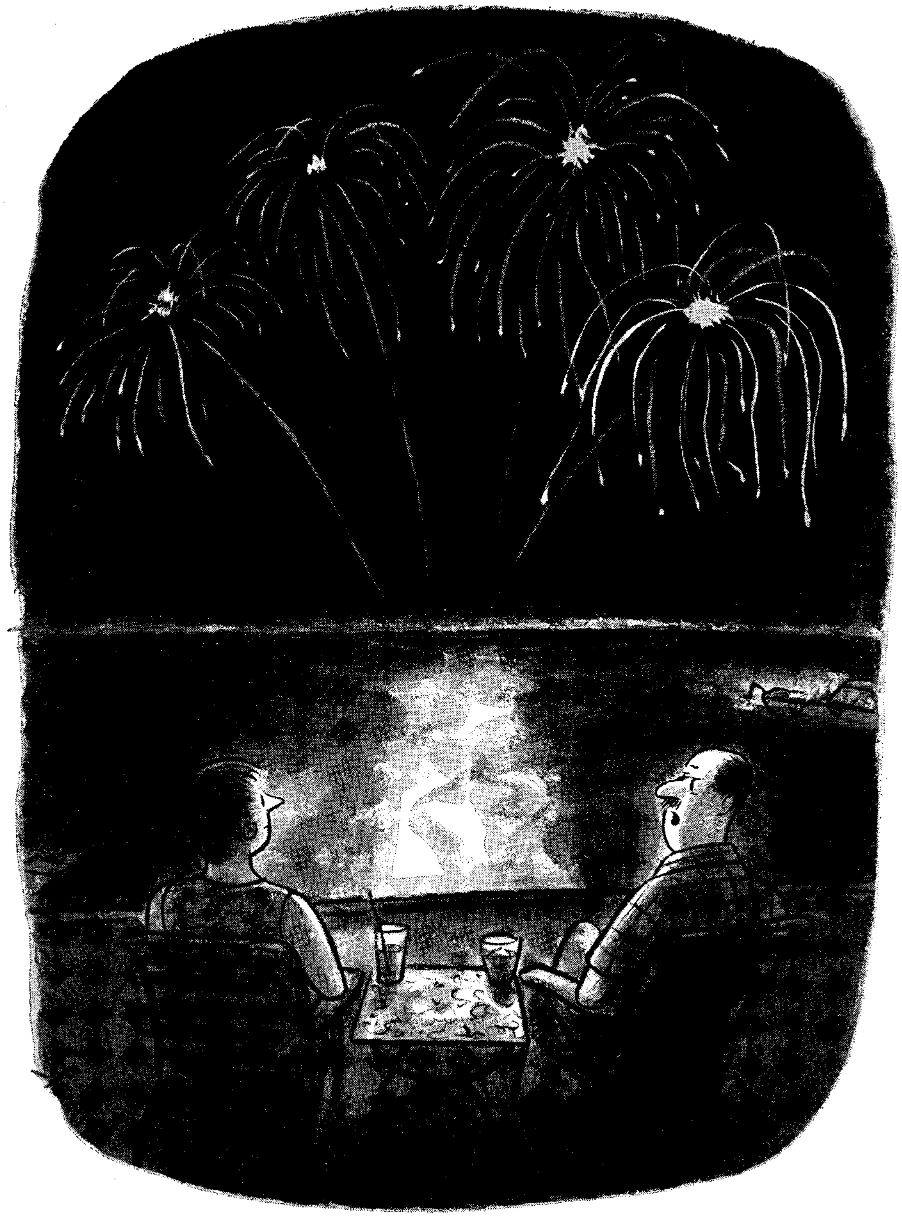
"You're not suggesting you're one of the Apple Blossom Sisters?" Maximilian said.

"Probably," Edward said. "She has a low opinion of herself."

"Then how does she go on? Producing this pretty remarkable work?"

"She doesn't always. There are halts. Quite long, for her. In that case, she will carpenter or go on a dig. An archeological dig. You know that she read archeology by correspondence when she was at finishing school. And then she will take a few days off from seeing anybody except me and do a bit of work. I've never been made much aware of it. She does it at that desk and I'll think she's writing letters."

"She works easily, then," Maximil-



"What really gets me down about the Fourth of July is that it means we're already halfway to Christmas."

ian said. "In your very different and distinguished field, do you?"

Edward barked again through his nose.

Emily said, "Of course he does. But he stomps off to have a think now and then. There's always the possibility of making a terminal ass of yourself, isn't there?"

"Is that a mule?" said Maximilian, in his perfect English, making a note. "The terminal ass? Is that a demotic idiom?"

•

"Could we talk now about humor?" said Maximilian.

"Couldn't we have the crumpets?" said Edward.

"What about having a kipper as well? What about having a kipper to our tea?" said Emily.

"What an interesting preposition," Maximilian said, writing it down.

"Our friends have an idea for a joint lecture on educational television about the mechanics of humor," Willoughby said. "To study it as though it were a problem of engineering. Which it is, of course, as you of all people know."

"With your ear. With your technical sense," Maximilian said.

"Can you and Jo-Ann deal with a kipper?" Emily said. "They're rather full of bones in England. We don't debone them here, I'm afraid."

"The idea is," said Maximilian, motioning Jo-Ann to stand up, "to show a television audience the effect of trousers falling down." He started to unstrap his belt and then let his trousers fall to the floor. "One would show them falling at the usual speed and hear the laughs." He pulled them up and fastened the belt again with a scholarly expression. "Then one would show what happened if the speed were different." He waved to Jo-Ann to stand behind his back. "One would see them lowered very slowly." The pretty girl behind him let down his trousers inch by inch. "Don't rush it," he said. The trousers reached his ankles. He looked up and said majestically, "You see, it isn't funny."

"Actually, I thought it was almost funnier that time," Edward said, freezing his face, as he was used to having to do in court.

Maximilian saw nothing and said, "It would be interesting to observe whether one got the same effect by slowing up the, say, motion of a shoe on a banana skin."

•

"Born?" said Jo-Ann to Emily.

"Edward was born in London and I was born in Russia. Why does one go so much by where people are born, I wonder. Where were you born?"

"Rumania," Jo-Ann said.

"There, you see, and yet you seem completely Californian to me. Do you feel Californian?"

"Do you mind not answering our questions with so many questions, Lady Prendergast?" Maximilian said.

"I'm sorry," Emily said.

"And how did you leave Russia?"

"I lived with my uncle. I was an orphan. My grandparents got married in an old people's home. It was rather a jolly occasion."

"That doesn't answer the question. How did you leave?"

"It's not very interesting. I had English relations. What I remember, as I say, is my grandparents' getting married in Russia. They'd been living together for many years. When they grew poor they had to be shut away in an old people's home, because poverty didn't officially exist in the new state. It doesn't officially exist in America either, would you say? So they had to disappear. They had a fine wedding. They were aged eighty-nine and ninety. Everyone was in black because their best clothes were for funerals, and everyone danced. There was only one record, and that was the Slovene national anthem. Somebody had brought it with him. It wasn't quite the thing, but it was very beautiful."

"And then?"

"She came to England," Edward said. "Her father was a playwright. He died soon after she was born."

"Yes, we know that," said Maximilian. "It's in *Who's Who.*"

"What I was going to tell you is

that he had written her a part in one of his plays. A non-speaking part. It was her inheritance, so to say. May I have a glass of water until you've decided about the kippers? He thought she could always be an actress in a pinch, you see. He wrote the part so that she could always support herself in exile if she didn't speak the language."

"Edward and I met in England in 1920," Emily said. "I'd been kicked by a horse and lost two front teeth and he took me out to lunch and gave me asparagus. Asparagus is extremely difficult to eat without front teeth, because it means pulling the things through the side molars and it makes a mess of the lipstick. Those were the days when girls wore lipstick."

"You still do," Edward said. "I like it better."

"It was a very fine lunch, to my mind."

"AND do you care for the times?" said Willoughby to Edward.

"Inadequate," said Edward.

"Without belief? Without intellectual system?"

"No, thin news coverage. We both prefer the Washington *Post*. We get it by airmail."

"Mr. Willoughby means the age, I think," Emily said. "Well, as we're in the presence of two students—postgraduate students—I daresay you'll take me to be sucking up, but the times are rather interesting, don't you find? The music and the clothes and the courage and so on. The nerve. Something here, don't you think? One doesn't want to go."

"Go? What did you say that for?" Edward said.

Maximilian laughed as if someone had made a joke.

"No question of it," she said to Edward. "I'm not a quitter."

"No," he said. "You hung on for twelve years."

"Isn't it odd, sitting here without quite having the face to touch each other? It's like the time when you were in hospital. When we could talk on the telephone every day and I couldn't come to see you."

"Why not?" said Jo-Ann.

"Because he was married to someone else then."

"Male chauvinist. Why did you put up with it?" Jo-Ann said to Emily. "Letting the man have it both ways at once. They always do."

"Well, it was a poor time, but it improved rapidly."

* * *

"Where were you born?" said Jo-Ann.

"We've asked that already. Russia. Don't you remember?" Willoughby said.

"I used to have a memory, like, but my mind has blown," Jo-Ann said.

"My dear girl," Emily said, worried.

"I got into this tragical area of experience, but I feel as if I'm coming out of it now," said Jo-Ann.

"What friend's voice were you speaking in just then? Are you going to a therapist?"

"Yes."

"Well, never mind," Emily said.

"Of course, my wife *holds* with the world," Edward said to Willoughby.

"You don't?" said Willoughby.

"Not necessarily."

* * *

"Is he a demonstrative man?" Willoughby said to Emily, pointing at Edward with his pen.

"No," said Edward.

"Yes," said Emily.

* * *

"What was that about hospital?" Maximilian asked.

"Edward could tell you."

"They put me in the bin because I suddenly had a talking jag," Edward said. "I couldn't stop chatting. I talked non-stop one day for twenty-three hours. Even with Emily I didn't shut up, and we have always had the capacity for shutting up. The doctors told me I shouldn't talk so much. I said, 'I know that as well as you; the fact I can't do anything about it is my complaint, don't you see. Cure me of that and I'll be well.' "

Emily said to Willoughby, "You must tell the stenographer to stop, and we'll have tea."

"Not till we're finished," Willoughby said with an edge in his voice, looking at Emily. "And then what, pray? Was it when we knew each other?"

"Did you know each other well?" said Edward.

"Very well," said Willoughby.

"I'm sorry. Is that troubling?" Emily said to Edward.

"No," he said, looking as if it were.

"The hospitalization was when you and Mr. Willoughby knew each other?" said Maximilian, motioning the stenographer to attend.

"Yes," Emily said. "He was having a small breakdown. Edward was."

"You betrayed him when he was having a

"Management has asked us all to tighten our belts a bit."

breakdown?” Willoughby said. “And you didn’t tell me?”

“There was no reason that I could think of to tell you, and some reason not to.”

“You betrayed him when he was having a breakdown?” Willoughby said again censoriously, his face looming over the desk.

“It seemed at the time that he might not have much need of intimacy. By temperament, not have much need of intimacy.”

“And?”

“I had. Is it very hot?”

“Yes,” Edward said. He loosened his tie.

“That’s the tie I like,” she said, opening one of their two copies of the Washington *Post* and burying herself behind it.

He looked at her sandals. “She’s not very forthcoming always about what’s going on at the back of her mind,” he said after a time in a soft voice to Jo-Ann, “but I can generally tell something about it from the way she moves her toes. She wears sandals a good deal, and bare feet. We were on holiday in the Aegean when I was getting better from this talking thing and she was reading ‘Crime and Punishment,’ and I used to watch her toes and wonder which part she had got to. I could make a fair guess.”

He leaned over Emily’s shoulder to see what she was reading and turned back to his own copy of the paper. “Where’s that part in mine?” he said jealously, rattling the pages.

“Middle column of page nine,” she said.

He found it and grew absorbed.

•

“How worried were you, in those days, about him? When I knew you?” said Willoughby.

“Oh dear. You think I did it to take my mind off,” Emily said. “Well, perhaps I did. He was very distant then.”

“Harsh,” Willoughby said.

“No, distant,” Edward said. “Though the effect for her was probably harsh.” He put out his hand in her direction and then used the movement to tap the ash from his pipe.

“You see, he’s very interested in making distinctions,” Emily said. “It’s the legal mind.”

“I also used to have a temper,” Edward said, “but it seems to be drawn off now in work.”

•

Emily came in with a tray of tea.

“Edward made this tray when he was doing handcrafts in the bin,” she said. “You can see that he didn’t give himself the time to finish it. He made a quick getaway. He was having quite a bad nervous breakdown, as it turned out—”

“You said a small breakdown,” Maximilian said.

“—but when he heard what the fees would be if he stayed he decided that he was hanged if he was going to spend all that money on being upset. So he drove himself away again. He had committed himself, you see, so he was technically free to go, but they apparently lock the gates on patients all the same.” She poured tea. “It meant breaking the gates down. He did it with the back bumper of the car. Do you want some sponge fingers? The Daimler was barely dented.”

“Why did you stay together?” Jo-Ann said.

“You don’t have to answer the question,” Edward said again.

“*Stare decisis*,” Emily said after a pause.

“What?” said Jo-Ann.

“It’s the principle behind precedent,” Edward said, looking at her. “The principle in the law. It means ‘to stand by decided matters.’ ”

Jo-Ann said scornfully, “Instead of hanging loose.”

Maximilian said, “Instead of deciding a case fresh. On its merits. The law is in love with the past.”

“The law is an ass,” said Willoughby.

“It’s foolish not to draw on the past,” Emily said. “People shouldn’t have to start from the beginning every time.”

“Why not? I was unhappily married once,” Jo-Ann said, “and I decided the hell with it, I can’t go on with this. My ex-husband and I just weren’t meshing. It took me forever to find the maturity to say to myself how bad it was.”

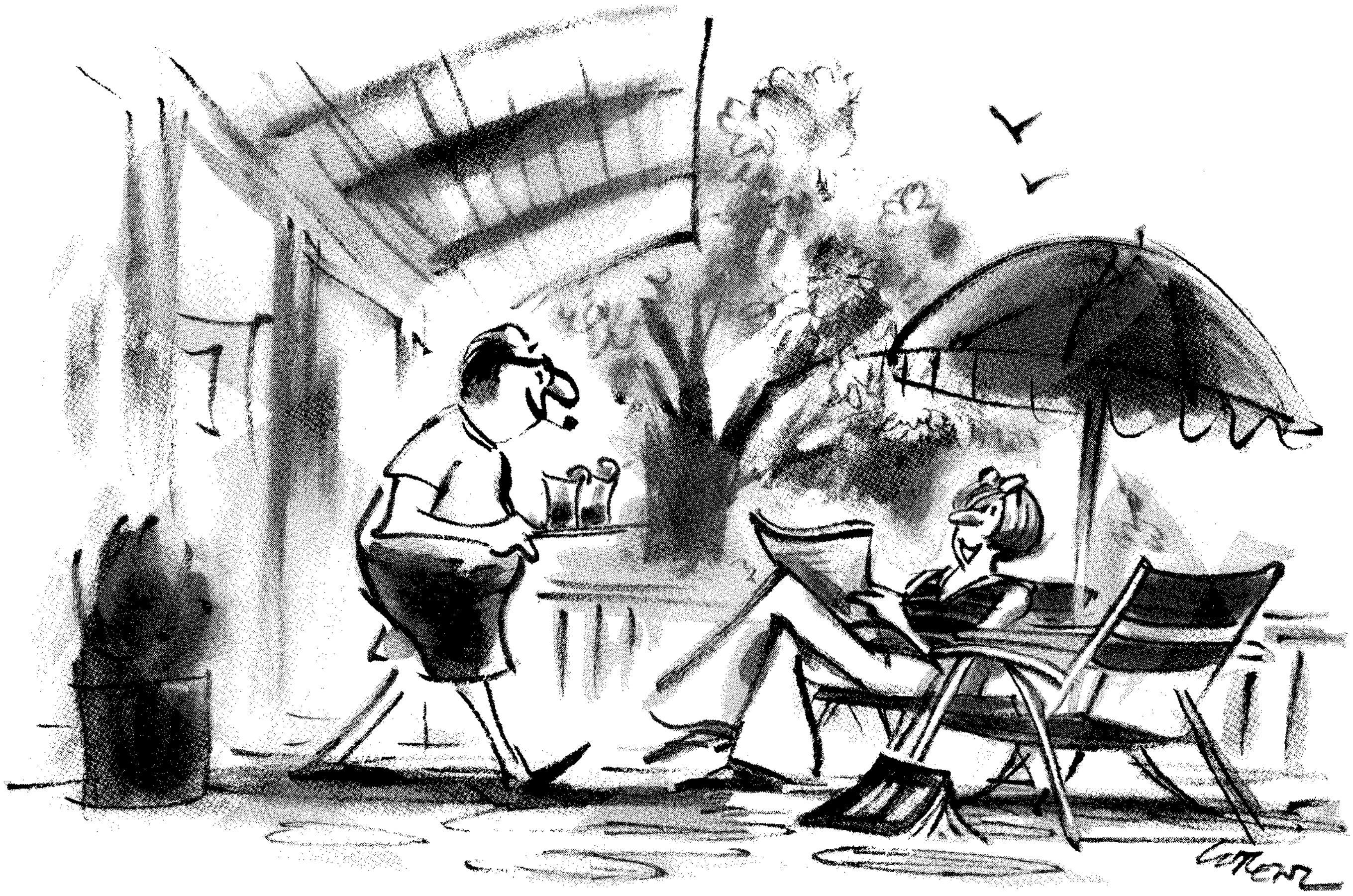
“But how old are you, then?” said Emily.

“Twenty-two. He had impotency fears and I was having trouble in analy-

END OF A MUNICH MEETING

Here in bed, in this corner of
Darkened hotel room, she, who came
In pursuit of pictures, sobs while
He pictures, there by the wide pane,
Pursuits of summer across royal
Green and glimpses of half-hidden
Follies among trees and cobbled
Courts shadily responding to
Their fond heels’ clacking. All this is
Seen piecemeal, and consumed partly
Between them: blue pictures, yellow
Palaces, silver tears. Between
Them, parting an invisible
Hard ground, a piece of night handed
Down from old partings. Lifted as
Off a platter of darkness, the
Clear dome of tomorrow will see
Them on pieced-out embassies—not
Of earth and air, not where a plane’s
Vague, bland animal ascends to
A height of silver, then a speck
Of dark unrelated to the
Prostrate ground, but as when dim cars
Start ebbing down long platforms and
Train and station terminate one
Another’s lives, each receding
Part shrinks into the other’s last
Picture, emptied of itself, hung
In memorial galleries,
High-ceilinged, domed, and shadowing
The afternoon’s declining sun.

—JOHN HOLLANDER



“Thank goodness we made our move to the suburbs before it was considered a cop-out.”

• •

sis. He had a wonderful brain, but I guess we didn’t know how to make it in bed. We tried to work it out. I went to a sensitivity-training center and I learned body language, but it didn’t help my marriage, because I was a tool of male imperialism and that was what I was really resenting all the time. So then I freed myself and had my first lesbian relationship and now I live on my own.” She looked lonely.

“What’s body language?” said Edward.

“Well, like, the way you’re sitting now—it tells me you’re interested in me. It’s a giving position.”

“What about my wife?”

“She’s interested in me, too. That’s a giving position, too.” Jo-Ann looked around the room. “David’s in a hostile position. I guess he’s feeling excluded. I guess you two have a lot going for you. You’re both hot right now and you’ve been hot all your lives.”

“What?” said Edward.

“Not ‘what,’ ‘hot,’ ” Maximilian said.

“I know that. I said ‘What?’ ” said Edward, lowering his voice dangerously again.

“ ‘Hot’ means in demand,” Willoughby said.

“Good lord,” Emily said, turning to Maximilian. “Like the hot side of a record. Well, how very kind of you. But even if it were true it wouldn’t be the sort of fact to interest one in a person, would it?”

“Then how would you explain the relationship, leaving sexuality aside?” Maximilian said. “That’s one of the things we’ve got to explore.”

“Why leave sexuality aside, pray?” Edward said. Then he took a pause and Emily looked at him, and he looked at her. After a while he turned back to Jo-Ann. “For some people,” he said, “sexuality is the water they swim in. Though I can see that for others it’s toy ducks in the bath.”

This man has always been a great study, Emily thought.

•

Maximilian, wanting to make sure he had got things right, repeated in German to Willoughby what Edward had just said, and Willoughby, who spoke German, nodded wanly. It was not a particularly comforting conversation for him to hear. Emily noticed that and gave him and herself a sherry.

“It’s sometimes extremely difficult to be translated,” she said talkatively to the three catechizers. “Do you know, Freud’s ‘Beyond the Pleasure Principle’ becomes in Japanese ‘Happiness Lying on the Other Side of the Water.’ ” She paused. “Though perhaps that’s what he meant, of course, and maybe the English is wrong, too. What is it in German?”

“I’ll look it up,” Maximilian said, making a note. “Do you write first drafts in Russian?”

“No,” Emily said, “and I don’t do drafts much. I just bash it out. In English.”

“So Sir Edward forced his language on you,” Jo-Ann said.

“No, I had an English governess. And I like English, you see. My stuff seems to get into an awful pickle when it’s translated.”

“That’s because you’ve always been in the mainstream of the English popular tradition,” said Maximilian.

“It didn’t feel very popular to me. The first things I did came a cropper. Has anyone pinched my spectacle case? Well, they weren’t up to much, I don’t suppose. A great man in those days who was trying to be encouraging told me I had a terrific eye for English weather. A great critic. It took me months to get over it.”

“You regret the Edwardian summers?” said Maximilian.

“Lowering of you to expect me to

remember. Though I suppose one looks quite old."

"We *are* old," said Edward.

"Some of the summers in the twenties and the thirties were glorious. And there were those evil beauties during the Battle of Britain. But then again, they've been very fine lately, haven't they?"

"Anything you'd like to have been able to keep about the past?" Maximilian asked.

"Not except from a technical point of view. And there was a time when one functioned better, of course."

"Technical?"

"It's a pity about godmothers and spinster aunts. They always had an interesting part to play in my sort of stuff. It's the same with mothers-in-law. One rather misses their ferocity in the work of the moment. You find you can't get the same effect with, say, shop assistants." She paused. "There may be hope in secretaries."

"There's a mouse behind the wainscot," Edward said.

Maximilian told the stenographer not to bother until he raised his hand.

"I'm afraid it might even be a rat," Emily said.

Edward listened and said, "Too scrabbly for a rat."

" 'Life's mouse-like fitting,' " said Willoughby.

"Who wrote that?" Emily said, turning toward him and leaning over the arm of the chair. "I meant to ask you a long time ago and I forgot to. I remember your saying it a long time ago."

"Pushkin," said Willoughby.

"You'd better get the exterminator in, Emily," Edward said, again in his lowered voice, which was a habit famous in court at points when an inexperienced barrister hadn't known where to stop.

"He came today," Emily said. "Pempie and he got on."

"Who's Pempie?" said Maximilian, still signally uninterested in all this as material.

"Our secretary," Emily said. "He wanted to take her out. I believe she's rather at a loose end, but she said she couldn't seem to fancy an exterminator."

•

"But on the other hand," Emily went on after a wait, "the girl also said to me suddenly one day, when I thought she was trying to read back dictation, 'I can't get through the spring without a man.' We were in the middle of working out a plot. It struck me about her, you know."

"Your plots are cast iron," Maximilian said.

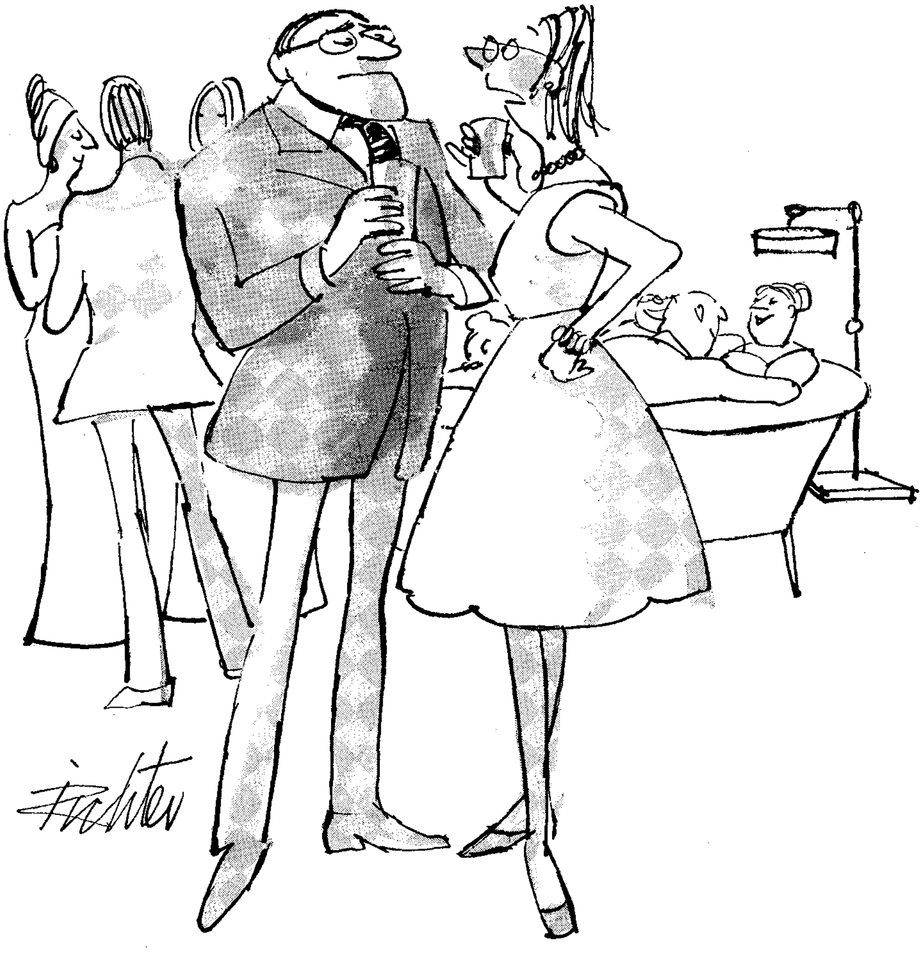
"Well, they haven't the structure of a lawyer's work," she said. "I'm all right as long as I know where things are going, but it's not on a par with planning a legal argument."

"You betrayed him when he was having a breakdown?" Willoughby said again. "Suppose *I'd* been having the breakdown. Would you have betrayed me?"

Emily said over him, "—as long as one knows where things are going, don't you find?" And then, with as much of an answer to his question as she felt like mustering, "I've tried to explain. Couldn't we talk about home perms or cucumber sandwiches?"

"You haven't answered his question," Maximilian said. "Do you mind if I tell you what I really think?"

"Not especially," Emily said with a pause. "After all, it's what life does all the time, isn't it? Though I rather wish *people* wouldn't do it. One doesn't resent it so much when life does. This really is a bit like the Inquisition. The three of you sitting there. There's something I keep trying to remember about you. Well, anyway, don't let's get occult. I don't like occultism, do you? That reminds me. Pempie is terrifically keen on auspicious signs, and she cheered up no end the day after the exterminator, because she drew a winning ticket in the village raffle. Everyone around had donated whatever prize he could. The butcher gave a turkey, and the hairdresser gave a shampoo and set, and a rather humorless psychiatrist who commutes to Portsmouth gave an hour's consultation. Pempie wanted to go to the psychiatrist because she's very keen on astrology and sends away for readings. I believe she associates psychiatry with palmistry. But in the end something prevailed and she had the shampoo and set. I'll get some ice, shall I?"



"I know why Nader is single. No woman is good enough for him."

"I DON'T know how you dare," Edward said to Willoughby while she was out of the room. "Bring up the breakdown I had all those years ago. That time. When you know perfectly well that it—"

"—painful?" said Maximilian.

"—that she's got amnesia about the time when she nearly drowned," Edward said. His temper rose, and his voice fell. "I don't know how you dare. She troubles a good deal about the three hours that she's lost. She wants them back. People want their lives back."

"Were you against capital punishment in this country?" Maximilian said.

"I gave you the press cuttings about that," said Willoughby, without much grace. "He's on record, along with all the other straight-liberal-plank reformers."

"Some ass of a doctor told her that her laughing was a sign that she was trying to kill herself," Edward said.

"Perhaps she was," said Willoughby.

Edward said, "You don't know her very well. It was a sign that she thought something was funny."

"Who can tell?" said Willoughby. "Perhaps it was a sign that she'd only just realized she'd done something wrong with her life."

"Doesn't everyone?" Maximilian said, and Edward looked at him with interest and regard for the first time.

"While she's out of the room," Jo-Ann said, "tell us why the marriage has lasted. When you intimidate her so much."

"*What?*" said Edward.

"Exploit her," Jo-Ann said, and Edward's look blocked her. "All right, then," she said, "tell us anything you admire about her."

"I love her."

"Anything you *admire* about her. Apart from the Elizabethan still-room stuff and the keeping quiet," said Jo-Ann.

"Apart from the skivvying and the fitting in and the shutting up," Willoughby said.

Edward held still and gave his mind to his wife. "You know, she's inventive, you see, and she has a much better brain than I have," he said at last. "She's a very subtle woman, not at all vulgar, and her intellectual instincts are probably as sound as anyone's I've known. I'd rather talk to her than to any other friend I've ever had. Of course, she's much more talented than I am. She has a beautiful sense of timing. Did you notice when you were badgering her how she got interested in remembering Pempie and then could leave the room? She's always known how to get the action into her own corner at the end of the round. It's like a great athlete. I once read about a boxer who did that. She doesn't even think about it. I always have to think about things. The boxer: the end of the round, the bell went, his seconds had put down his stool, he was there to sit, and his opponent had to walk the whole way back to his own corner. I read about it in a book and it reminded me of her. It was said that he learned it by practicing shadowboxing to popular tunes that ran exactly three minutes on the gramophone. He got the rhythm into the back of his mind somewhere. She'll be here in a moment. Do you mind not pressing her about the drowning? I nearly lost her, you know. She didn't breathe for a long time. May we talk about something else?"

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Emily came into the room with an ice bucket.

Maximilian said, "The law has influenced you very much, hasn't it? And your plays and radio programs have influenced Sir Edward."

"I've picked up a bit," Emily said, "but the law takes a kind of mind. Sense of history. When to move. I haven't got that. It's like an athlete."

"Why did you bring up *stare decisis* in front of me?" Willoughby said sharply.

"Don't be jealous, my love," said Emily to him.

" 'My love'!" Edward said, and she looked at him, and then back to Willoughby.

"I brought it up because this is where I am. Decided matters." She pointed unconsciously at her feet and the room, meaning her life, and then moved the subject. "I don't mean I've learned much about the law. I'd make a very poor showing in a court. Do have a whiskey, all of you. You remind me of a tribunal. It's like the time when I nearly drowned in the Mediterranean with you."

"You *remember* nearly drowning?" said Jo-Ann. "Sir Edward says you've got amnesia about it."

"Well, this does rather manage to bring it back," Emily said. "Archivists. It gives one quite a strong idea of what it's going to be like to be a corpse."

"A tribunal?" said Edward. "I'm sorry. Is that what it was like underwater? Was that because of living with me?"

"No, I should think it was because of nearly drowning. And anyway, it happens all the time. One's always in the dock and being questioned, isn't one? In one's mind. It's quite easy to accede to the charge that one's badly guilty."

"Guilty?" said Willoughby with hope.

"Of one's life."

"How do you account for being acquitted, then? For being here?" said Willoughby.

"Him, I expect," she said, looking at Edward. "That's the way I remember it. I believe that's what happened."

"Everyone said you couldn't make it," Jo-Ann said. "Everyone wanted to take Sir Edward away, because it looked as if you couldn't make it."

"He seemed finished himself," Maximilian said.

"You caught a breath or two and looked at him in the end," said Jo-Ann.

"They said he was going to die of exposure, at his age," said Maximilian.

"Willoughby tried, but he couldn't do anything much," Jo-Ann said.

"Nobody can do what he can't," Emily said. She gave everyone a drink. "Unless he has a terrific wish to," she said, coming last to Edward. "Then I expect he could."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

DISCOVERY

The Park:

THE park consists of sixteen acres of land projecting south into Long Island Sound and bounded on the north by the tracks of the Penn Central railroad. A third of the land forms a promontory, ending in a steep cliff that falls directly to the water, fifty feet below, or to a narrow, rocky beach, depending on the tide. To the west is a broad sand beach and a large parking lot. To the east, there is a meadow rising from the shore; at the summit, the tall grass has been cut to lawn, and here there are slides and swings and seesaws, picnic tables, places to build fires, and, near the edge of the cliff, several enormous beech trees.

The Gate:

THE gate to the park is locked early in the morning; the park does not open until nine, and the entire area is surrounded by a high chain-link fence—except on the water sides. When the gate is opened at nine, there is a guard on duty in a small sentry box next to the gate, and he checks the drivers of incoming cars to see if they have a pass proving that they live in this town. If they do, they may park their cars in the parking lot; all others are turned away. The guard is usually an old man. If his authority were defied, he would not, most likely, resort to force; there is a telephone in the sentry box, and he would call for help. But, for those who desire it, there are other ways and times to get into the park.

How to Get Into the Park Early in the Morning Without Swimming, Boating, or Climbing the Fence:

DRIVE to the parking lot behind the supermarket, near the railroad tracks, where the abandoned freight station stands. Park at the edge of the lot, where the field of wild flowers used to begin (mostly chicory); now it's a car wash. Take off your shoes and socks and leave them in the car. Walk to the tracks. Look left and right; you can see for a mile or more in both directions here. To the east, the tracks curve around the bay, and there is an old black drawbridge where they cross the river. When the bridge is open (to let the boats in and out of the river), it tips up in the air, leaving a great space. If a train were to come roaring down from Boston—even a high-speed train—it is unlikely that it could go up the sharply inclined track, leap the abyss, and land accurately enough on this side to continue in this direction. There is little danger, then, from the east—while the bridge is open. The bridge is now open. To the west, there is a clear view of more than a mile, perhaps two miles, as the tracks pass through a series of cuts on the way to New York. There is danger from this direction, but frequent glances—and perhaps an awareness of the vibrations through the soles of the feet—should suffice. While you are looking out for trains, you will notice that everything on or near the tracks tends toward the same color and value—a yellowish-brown rust. The old freight building is this hue; so are the stones between the ties. The entire area appears to have been washed with sepia; this makes the wild flowers brilliant, the water in the sound dazzling.

Walking along railroad tracks with bare feet is not the most comfortable form of travel in the world. On the other hand, comfort is the enemy of discovery. The tracks, moreover, are the best route here; on the inland side, there is tall grass and garbage and broken glass; on the water side, huge boulders are frozen in their tumble down to the sound. Walking between the ties—on the stone chips, or gravel—is the least satisfactory. The stones have sharp edges and points; there is little to be said for the stones. Even a limited amount of walking on them will cause the barefoot walker to switch to the ties or the rails.

The ties are not bad. They are stained and oily, but they are wood, with handsome splits and splinters and cracks. The major problem is the spacing of the ties. They are too close together for a normal stride, and if you skip a tie—i.e., step from Tie No. 1 to Tie No. 3—it is a little too far. If you insist on tie-walking, you have a choice of two strange-looking and uncomfortable paces. You can alternate them, or whatever, but presently you will be tempted to try the rails. Walking along a rail is not boring. It requires agility. Again two modes are possible: going very *slowly*, placing one foot sideways, then the other foot the other way, or going very *fast*, with both feet placed alternately in a forward direction, until you lose your balance and fall.

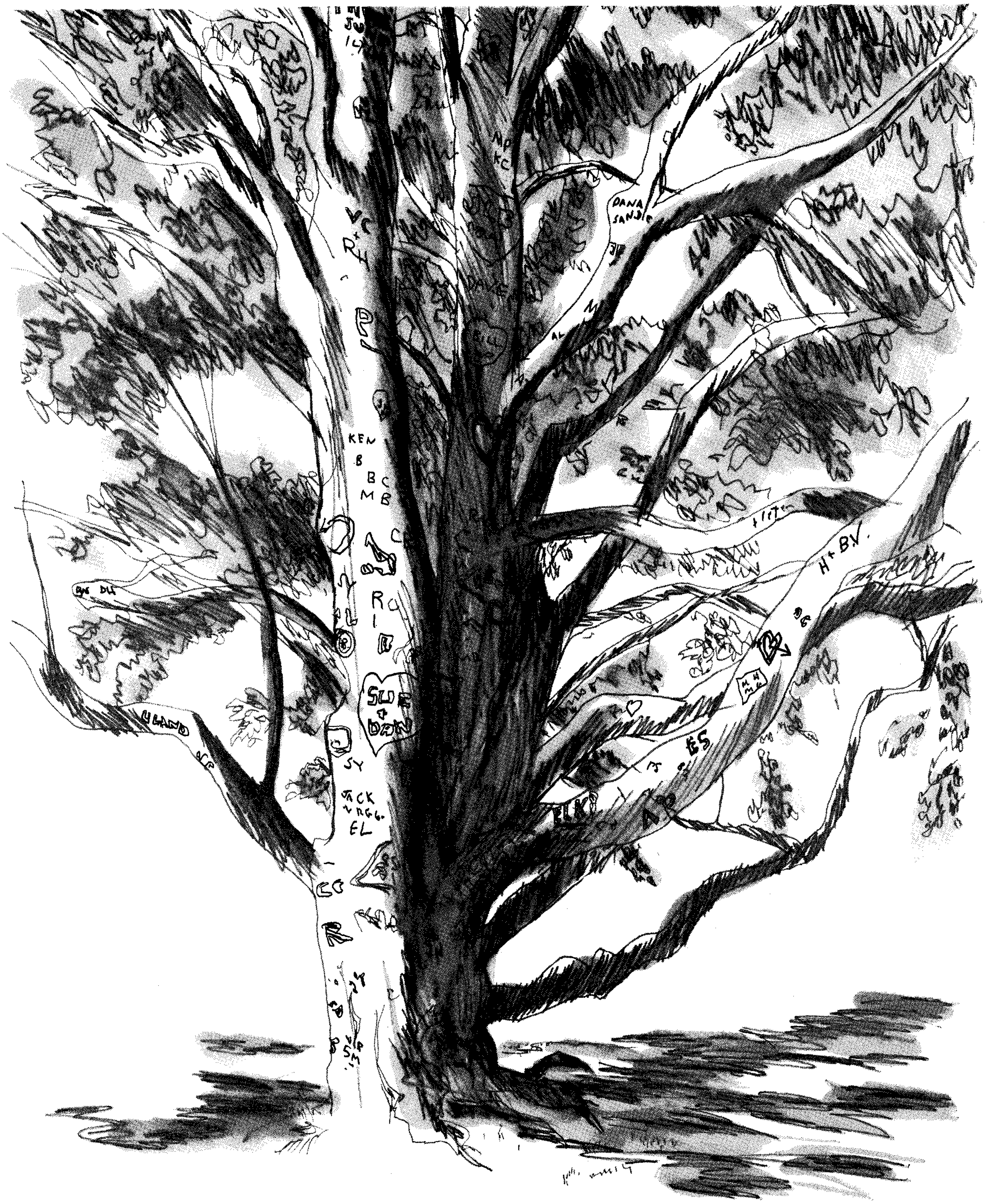
Since both forms of rail-walking, like both styles of tie-walking, are peculiar, uncomfortable, and undignified, the best solution is probably a combination walk, utilizing a sequential pattern of all forms—ties, gravel, rails—none of which is satisfactory in itself but each of which is, at least temporarily, a relief from the previous style.

Shortly (provided you have not failed to look up and down the tracks during the preceding), you will arrive at a point where you should shift to the shoulder. Here the tracks cross an underpass, but to your left there are large blocks of stone on which you can climb down to the shore. Descend cautiously. There is a low telephone line and a rusted broken wire fence. Walk beside the fence slowly; it has jagged edges. On the shore, you may have to wade to get around the edge of the fence, depending on the tide. The rocks are slippery, so it is well to have left your shoes behind; if you fall, you will need both hands free. Once around the fence, you climb a sandy path that parallels the tracks for a while, then turns and goes out along the shoulder of the promontory. The water is below you, to your left, and straight ahead. You are now in the park. Turn to your right and walk through a long meadow of tall grass; it sweeps gently toward the top of the bluff and the beech trees. Take your time.

The Beech Tree on the Bluff:

IT would be very hard to count precisely the number of initials carved on this vast tree. Over the years, some lacerations have healed; others have merged and blurred or grown monstrous, twenty feet above the ground. Is that an "R" or a "B"—or a "P" with a period? The spectator, viewing the hieroglyphic hearts, is apt to wonder about love. Those four initials inside that heart on the bottom of that branch: Did they love each other? Do they now? Was it carved in the moment of discovery, or in hope, or to prop up a failing union? Were there two people there—one in the branches, one on the ground? Or did one cut the letters without consent? Did he deny it later, or show it proudly? Did he lead her by the hand through that meadow and then, standing in the beech tree's shadow on a hot day, point overhead to what he had done? Which ones have parted, which ones stayed together? Which ones bear scars, together or apart? Do any of them ever come to this tree and look to see if their mark has healed or grown?

One afternoon last week, late after-

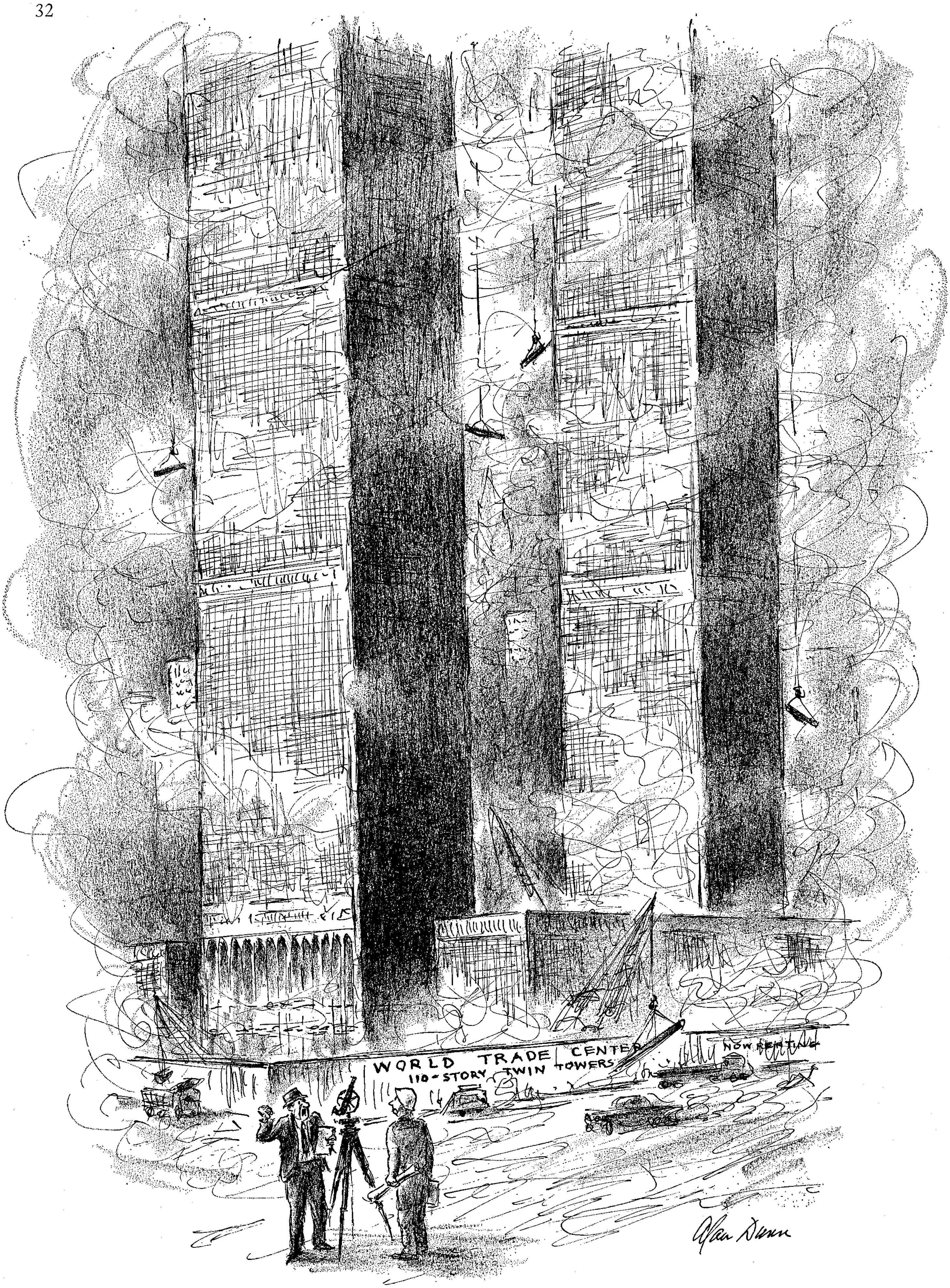


The Beech Tree

noon, two middle-aged ladies sat on two straight-hanging metal swings, gossiping, their hair in large pink curlers, while, on either side, children flung themselves into the sky and back, their swings screeching with each passage, and the ladies said, "She said . . ." "She *did*?" Not far away, sitting at one of the picnic tables, a man cradled his head on his folded arms, resting on the sticky varnished surface. Paper plates, with smears of ketchup on the white, lay in the grass. Were these people's initials on this tree—or on some other tree? The ladies, gathering up the children, may have glanced through the leaves in passing and kept it to themselves, what they saw there. The man sleeps; what initials form within his dreams?

A light breeze came, and the leaves on the beech tree moved idly; their heart shapes—light green on one side, darker on the other—cut across the blues of the sound and sky. They have perhaps three months before they fall.

—JAMES STEVENSON


WORLD TRADE CENTER
110-STORY TWIN TOWERS
NOW RENTING
Alan Dunn

"Damn it! Can't anybody count? One hundred and twelve stories—and still going up!"

REFLECTIONS

VIETNAM, CZECHOSLOVAKIA, AND THE FITNESS TO LEAD

FOR international politics, the Vietnam war has been the most sanguinarily destabilizing event since Hitler marched into the Rhineland. By that action, in 1936, the postwar system—the Versailles system—was shattered, with eventual consequences that hardly any contemporary was willing to contemplate. The Vietnam war, too, has discredited a system—not only a system of alliances but, more than that, a moral alignment, a moral order underpinning the international political structure established in and after the Second World War. We are left with a profoundly uncertain future, one in which the moral simplicities of the nineteen-fifties and the moral self-confidence of the United States seem dreamlike antiquities, memories of a classic age.

For the United States itself, Vietnam has been a moral catastrophe of dimensions unprecedented in the country's history. It has constituted the calamitous triumph of American hypocrisy and cant over American seriousness. It has amounted to an American act of intellectual default before the realities and possibilities of the political world. It has come about through élitist assumptions made by men in the executive branch of government: a conviction that they alone grasped the crisis and were privileged to solve it—even in defiance of the electoral mandate of 1964. Thus our deepening Constitutional crisis. Thus the war's effect within America of catalyzing that violence which had been provisionally overcome in the past, turning an experience of inevitable stress into a frenzy of national self-laceration and self-defeat. The abiding America of ambiguously open possibilities and contingent commitments—where anything can happen and nothing lasts, and every man has a chance and the will to move along, and likes to keep a gun in the house—thus was transformed into an America of warring factions, broken heads, vituperation, and fantasies of revolutions and counter-revolutions: an America of plots to kill blacks, lock up intellectuals, cancel elections, draw up lists of victims. We exported our own discreditable fears into Vietnam—fears of worldwide insurrection, race wars, "rural" peoples' assaults upon the "cities" of the liberal industrial West, vast struggles for the world, fears at which our political leaders and academic men had connived. That was bad enough, for we thus licensed ourselves to kill wholesale in the service of cant. Now we have reimported these fantasies to which our fears gave monstrous life. Inaugurating violence abroad, we have loosed it at home. Exporting counter-revolution, we have imported "revolution." The rhetoric and categories of foreign revolution have been displaced onto our domestic society, with students and black militants now declaring themselves "Third World revolutionaries" and our police forces and National Guardsmen reacting with equivalent fantasies of counter-revolution, while high officials describe the young—as they have chosen to be described—as alien enemies within. Yet they are all poor bloody Americans, Huey Newton and John Mitchell alike.

THE extremities of violence to which we have resorted have undermined our own sense of proportion, of reasonable limit. Our national style of war, expressing an unresolved Puritan moral inheritance, is indiscriminate: we argue that all war is wholly evil; some wars are necessary; once we have entered a necessary war, no moral discrimination among the actions of war can be reasonable. On the whole, the country believed this, but with a measure of unease as the peasant enemy endured the blows of B-52 raids and our wholesale relocation of district populations and our eradication of forests and farmland and our blighting of the very order of nature on the Vietnamese peninsula. The moral unease produced by *how* we were waging the war proved more devastating than American doubts about *why* we were doing it. Americans acted with a bad conscience that has revealed itself in the dissimulation and lies of officials, secrecy, the bribing of allies, and the early emergence of a domestic opposition that was less political than it was moral—often notably unpolitical, desperately reiterating a supposedly abandoned American moral utopianism. The corruption of official language, the loss of all candor in describing the war, the struggle that broke out early between the government and the press also reflected this unease. The most highly violent of the hawks insisted that America "get it over with;" the most principled of them expressed a persistent disquiet at our connivance in terrorism, our undiscriminating weaponry, our "free-fire zones" and unaimed "harassment and interdiction" fire into the countryside. The executive branch, meanwhile, doggedly went on in defiance of all doubt—including its own. The ultimate, if implicit, value that dominated its action was power: power committed, for whatever goal, had to become power vindicated. The officials who presided over the war's launching could not themselves agree on the tangible interests at stake. The Pentagon's own retrospective account of those years, as reported by the *Times*, makes it clear that those officials did not really devote much thought to why there should be a war. America a decade before had set itself in opposition to Communist North Vietnam and committed itself to a fragile succession of regimes in Saigon. We were, as Walt Rostow declared to his colleagues at the time, "the greatest power in the world—if we behave like it." We really went into Vietnam for no more complicated or subtle reason than to prevail: to make those who resisted us submit to us. We remain there today under Mr. Nixon and his Administration because they still have not submitted.

But the public response that emerged in this country signified that Americans grew ashamed of what they and their country were doing—a wholly novel experience in a society without cynicism about itself. Here lie the roots of the "value crisis" felt so keenly within America as the war progressed. As Steven Marcus has remarked, even the new pornography

"You know, I learned something very interesting today. Howard Samuels developed Baggies."

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that emerged in American mass entertainment and art could be understood as "a form of pseudo-radicalism" tied to this sense of loss of moral authority in the formal structure of society. The display of the American flag on millions of automobiles and homes—another symptom of national ambivalence—was meant to still the doubts not simply of the proclaimed doubters but of those who denied all doubt. There was no longer any assurance about being an American. There was no longer moral confidence.

This country had not had anything this bad happen to it since the War Between the States. Now it happened, and the nation began to split under the strain. The best we can expect is probably bad enough: an age of American sterility, an age of wounded and sullen recovery from this revenge that history is imposing upon us for our corruption and our cowardice. Cowardice because we entered Vietnam, as we confusedly avowed, to fight Vietnamese as surrogates, proxies, for another enemy (China, Russia, world Communism?), which we were unable or unwilling to confront, lacking the conviction even of our fantasy. At the same time that we blasted and bombarded Vietnam and Laos in order to overcome Communism, we connived at the Soviet suppression of Czechoslovak liberalism in 1968, sought from the Soviet leaders an agreed "stabilization" in arms and international policy, dealt with circumspection toward nuclear China.

A fear of Russia that was justifiable in the nineteen-forties, a fear of China that had some plausibility in the time of Stalin's savage primacy among Communist Party leaders, a sense of world struggle between exclusive alternatives of liberalism and totalitarianism derived from the nineteen-thirties and nineteen-forties—all these had become detached from real reference by the nineteen-sixties. They had become a structure of illusions served by a vast apparatus of American political and military agencies, and our fear was more dramatic, more palpable, because it was no longer constrained by real reference. So we launched our revenge upon the available and vulnerable Vietnamese Communists.

Not that the Vietcong were not real—more real, even, than our official rhetoric could accommodate. But the threat of the Vietcong was to their fellow-Vietnamese. We redefined them to conform to our own global preoccupations, just as we attempted to remake the war itself into that modern clash of ideologies, of air forces and industrialized armies, which we were prepared to fight—a war suitable for our political and military forces, in our national style.

WE turned the war into one *suitable* for us; yet it incorrigibly retained its own dimensions, its own Vietnamese perfections, its deviousness, its smallness, its private tragedy, leaving us ultimate irrelevancies—and, in the end, victims of ourselves. We and the Vietnamese Communists hardly had a common grasp of what the war was about. When the United States fought Hitler or the Japanese empire or the Kaiser's Germany, we and they both understood the terms of the conflict and what it would take to bring the war to an end. Victory and defeat were both recognizable, definable. But in Vietnam we and the Vietnamese Communists have often claimed victory in the same battles, success in the same political engagements, and this has not been simply a matter of lies or propaganda. There actually have been victories for both sides in the same event, since the two sides have been fighting different wars, with contradictory values and expectations. We and they have hardly understood one another when each spoke of war, revolution, liberation, peace, the future.

Ours has been a strategy of the strong, employing technology, firepower, and wealth, ostensibly to achieve in Vietnam impersonal objectives—the abstractions of democracy, the containment of Communism, a "free Asia." We believed that the enemy could be forced to make the "reasonable" decision to compromise or capitulate as a choice preferable to the pain, destruction, and death we could inflict upon him. Our strategy assumed that if these evils—these "costs"—were implacably imposed upon the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese, at some point in the process the issues of the war would come to seem less valuable to them than stopping the suffering and destruction. Ours has been a reasonable strategy, perfected within a community of political scientists and technologists who scrupulously abjured passion, rhetoric, and real feeling, the ungeneralizable data of real life; but, of course, it has been the strategy of those who are rich, who love life and fear "costs."

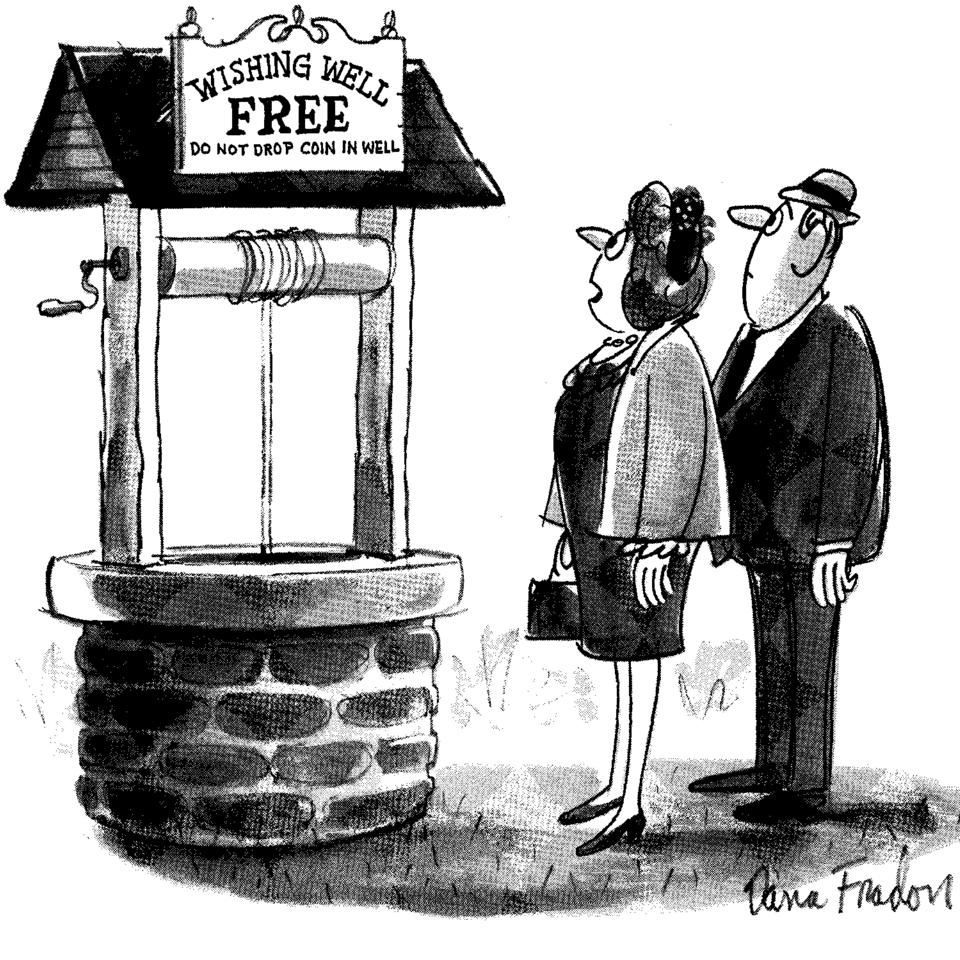
Theirs has been the strategy of the weak, practicing defiant and personalized violence, stoically accepting the destruction of wealth and the loss of lives. The weak deal in absolutes, among them that man inevitably suffers and dies. When the weak are confronted with the alternatives of death or capitulation, the one may be as plausible a choice as the other. Interrogations of Vietcong prisoners, when they were asked what would happen if the Americans did not give up the war and quit the country, often have elicited such uncomprehending replies as "Then we will all die."

For the strong, it may be a reasonable choice to surrender in a given situation. To die for a cause may be necessary on occasion, or noble, but we see it as the outcome of an unreasonable situation. We want life, happiness, wealth, power, and we assume that in a reasonable society all these are possible. But happiness, wealth, power—the very words in conjunction reveal a dimension of our experience beyond that of the Asian poor. For us, then, death and suffering are irrational choices when alternatives exist. For the weak, there may be no intelligible choice.

The strategy of the weak is a conscious strategy of idealists and ideologues. It turns the strength of an Asian peasantry—its capacity for endurance in suffering—against the vulnerability of the strong. It does this by inviting the strong to carry their own strategic logic to its conclusion, which is genocide. (The Chinese Communists seem to have said this explicitly, although it is not clear that they understand the significance of the claim Mao Tse-tung has made that China could "win" a nuclear war, in which millions of Chinese would die.) The strategy of the weak is to force us, the strong, to do what is most abhorrent to us, to carry out those threats which reveal our own priorities of values. In projecting our own values onto Asians, we assume that the threat of punishment and destruction is the ultimate threat, inevitably forcing a "reasonable" settlement of the war. When they defy us, we find ourselves asked to carry out the threat—and we balk. They are inviting us to do what we most fear to do. And we grasp obscurely that to do it is to destroy ourselves—that by contradicting our own value system we destroy it. Thus, we have drawn back from all that we might have done against North Vietnam: from the use of nuclear weapons, from invasion. When our bombing of the North failed to produce a victory, we changed that policy, but without courage—with a willfully contradictory argument that what the Vietnamese Communists would not yield under the force of bombardment and the threat of escalation they would yield under the threat of our withdrawal from Vietnam. Or so it seemed. In reality, the change merely revealed our recognition of the futility of what we had been doing and, at the same time, our lack of the integrity to admit our failure. Again, it was power that dominated our thinking.

To quit Vietnam now would be to accept the fact that we had been defeated there. We have not the courage for that. Yet Vietnam does not release us. We can no more escape the problem through "Vietnamization" and withdrawal than we could bomb it away. The prospect is that "Vietnamization"—conceived as allowing the withdrawal of American ground troops while air power and the threat of escalation keep the Communists at bay—will eventually collapse. The Administration will then face these choices: American resumption of the ground war, with a halt to withdrawals and perhaps with new reinforcements; renewed bombing of North Vietnam, or an invasion of that country, or the threat or use of nuclear weapons, in an effort to force a decision that has eluded us for half a decade; a diplomatic settlement on the best terms obtainable, which will be bad ones for America; or continued troop withdrawals, abandoning the South Vietnamese to their fate. The last two possibilities, which were open to Mr. Nixon when he took office, are now vastly harder and more costly; they are also inconsistent with his course and commitments thus far in extending battle to Cambodia and Laos. Yet the military alternatives can hardly inspire confidence, even on the part of this Administration. Nevertheless, they seem the more likely to be adopted: they express our established logic of power. The crisis will come, probably before the 1972 election, when we will again confront the dreaded alternatives of acknowledging our own defeat or visiting more destruction upon Vietnam, and upon our own convictions of identity and value as well.

We are, one supposes, ultimately capable of either action: ignoring defeat or launching an even worse new war. American foreign policy has always included an uncanny mix of idealism and Puritanism, and the Puritan side has in the past had a Cromwellian dimension to it of killing for the Lord, denying human value to the national enemy, exterminating him at the antiseptic distance technology makes possible. We have also in this war taught ourselves the new moral dimensions of ideological war, of deliberate terrorism,



"It can't be much good."

assassination, political reprisals, murder *pour encourager les autres*, the "generation" of refugees, rendering a landscape uninhabitable. But there are moral frontiers that we may yet cross in Vietnam.

IT is the contradiction between our idealism and our Puritanism that has so disrupted the American nation as Vietnam has worn on. The war began with the two conjoined; when Dwight Eisenhower made the first American commitments to Ngo Dinh Diem and to the creation of a liberal "Third Force" in Vietnam (as against the Communists on the one side and the colonial French and their Vietnamese favorites on the other), when John Kennedy ordered Special Forces to Vietnam, even when Lyndon Johnson began the bombing of the North, Americans could still convince themselves that this was a struggle consistent with the struggles against totalitarianism of the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-forties. But it was not that at all, and this has steadily come to be understood, even in the very act of denial and emotional repression.

The great and enduring political damage of this war will be the damage done to that American liberal internationalism which launched it—that movement whose leaders, in a classic folly of pride, set themselves above a public to whose doubts they were indifferent, whom they regarded as a sulky audience to be presented with "stage-managed" programs of war. It took a visionary liberal Administration to translate the globalism of American rhetoric, which the Republican Party wholly shared, into a program of national power. Vietnam was consciously made into a test of liberal international policy by the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations—of liberal "nation building," carried on behind a shield of Green Beret counter-insurgent warfare, against the Asian Communist "model" of radical national transformation. This is, one must understand, the liberals' war, which is to say that it is the misshapen outgrowth of a series of assumptions about politics and history which have been at the heart of the liberal internationalism that has animated the American political consciousness since Woodrow Wilson.

America entered the Vietnam war believing that it wanted for the Vietnamese only what the Vietnamese wanted—or should want—for themselves. This conviction was consistent with a much more extensive claim made upon the world by the modern American political imagination—that there is a fundamental identity of political aspiration and value between Americans and all men everywhere. When Secretary of State Dean Rusk, in the early months of the Vietnam war, declared that America's goals are those of "a great majority of mankind," and that "this identity of basic purpose gives us friends and allies in many nations," he was merely providing a fatuous echo of the old Wilsonian conviction that America's is "the flag of all mankind." What Vietnam has accomplished is brutally to teach Americans that this is not so. The lesson has shaken the individual American's sense of his own identity and value. Who is an American *sub specie aeternitatis*? Once, he was a liberator, and the world confirmed him in believing this. No longer is it so.

Our postwar struggle with Russia and China during the nineteen-fifties and the early nineteen-sixties involved a set of positive beliefs about how world politics could be reordered, and how the economic success—the "development"—of the advanced states could be transplanted to the preindustrial Third World. Federalism—regional economic and political confederation—was expected to replace the national system of Europe. A progressive federation of zones of the Third World would undoubtedly follow. There was a real American popular commitment to the belief that a new and coöperative mode of international relations could be brought into being, rivalling Communism's model of violent revolutionary change. Economic development of the Third World was invested with very large expectations of steady and peaceful progress; growing prosperity was expected to produce political order, and the early political disruptions of the area were taken to be transitional, or the result of deliberate intervention by the Communists.

But if American confidence in the possibilities of international reform was once very high indeed, today it is very low, with a considerable reversion to old isolationist attitudes. For two decades, there was a fairly altruistic internationalism in the popular attitudes of this country—reflected, if more skeptically, within Western Europe—because we believed in ourselves. Our institutions worked, our prosperity soared, our internal controversies were creative, shaping national policies. This confidence no longer exists. Until recent years, there was in the United States none of the self-doubt that characterized postwar Europe in its dealings with ex-colonial Asia and Africa. Moreover, at least in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, there was a reciprocal Afro-Asian regard for the United States; we were not widely looked upon by Asian and African élites as having inherited the imperialist role. In addition, nuclear weapons provided the United States with an unprecedented dimension of power, beyond that which it held as the world's chief industrial nation and the liberator of Western Europe from Nazism. In the first years after the Second World War, the United States briefly held a role of unchallenged world primacy. We were the superpower. That is now ended.

The change has meant far more than a vindication of the superiority of guerrilla tactics and guerrilla ideologies against regular military forces. In the past, colonial wars were ordinarily won by the colonizer, because everyone understood that he was destined to win. Now the Western "neo-imperialist" is no longer convinced that he has a right to win. He is no longer convinced that his is the superior society. The Vietnam war, its antecedent French Indo-China war, the Algerian war—all have been rationalized as efforts to save their victims from a worse form of foreign exploitation, but increasingly this argument has been pushed to the side. The reality now is that American and European élites doubt whether Western culture, to say nothing of a Western version of economic "modernization," is of value to the Third World—or even, it may be, whether it is of unalloyed value in itself.

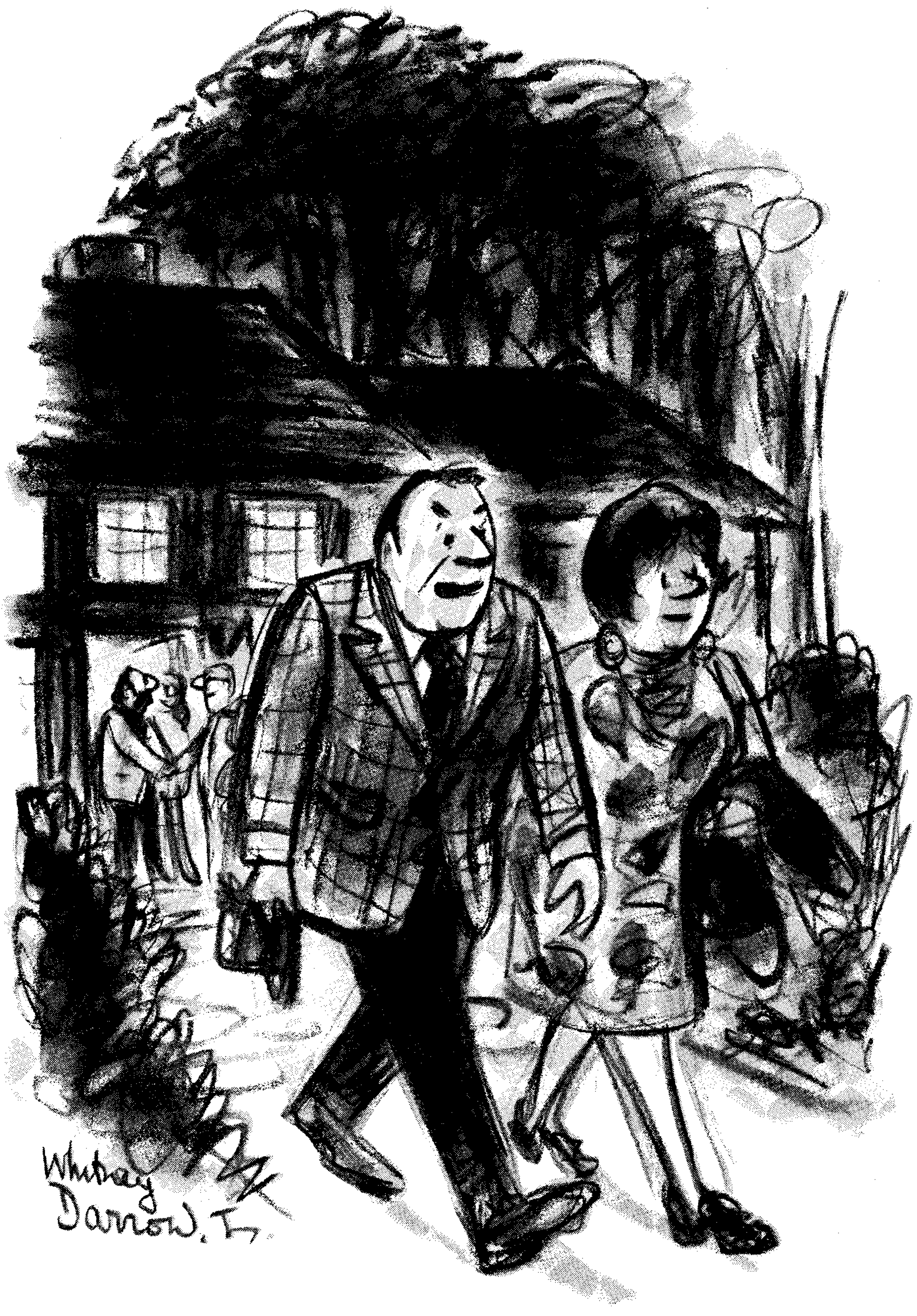
UNTIL 1968, the essential terms of the Cold War had been bipolar conflict—a dynamic competition between the two greatest powers, in which the European states and Japan could act to enforce, exploit, or mediate the relationship. The rivalry was on fundamental issues, moderated by a shared (or militarily induced) recognition of the reasonable limits of competition. The expression "détente," describing this relationship, meant competitive balance, and was distinguished from "entente."

As recently as the start of the nineteen-sixties, it was possible to describe the relationship of the great powers—Russia and America, the major European states, and Japan—as involving conflicts of intelligible and vital moral visions of society. As late as in the Khrushchev era, Soviet Russia seemed reopened to change and adaptation, still animated by a workable, if warped, vision of a reform, the creation of a Socialist commonwealth released from the arbitrary forms (and modes of mobilization) imposed by Stalin. At that time, even the illiberalism of Soviet society seemed "modern" and positive in quality, driven by a totalitarian version of the Socialist idea—progressive and historicist—that had originated in the European West. But Khrushchev himself proved to have no real solution for Russia, even though he ended considerable evil, and his successors have increasingly taken on the reactionary role. Unable—and unwilling—to shed the inheritance of Leninism and Stalinism, they are at the same time unable to make it work satisfactorily. They are attacked by the Chinese ideologists for their marginal accommodations to economic reform and for the "great-power politics" they have chosen to play, and at the same time they have lost the ability to command willing allegiance from the élites of Eastern Europe or the ruling Communist militants of Western Europe and the Third World. The Soviet Union's internal policies reflect this dilemma, and the outcome has been a defiant and yet unconfident attempt to perpetuate the status quo as the gulf widens between the official ideology—a specific creation of the Russian situation between 1917 and 1939—and the contemporary needs of industrial Russia. Analogies with the Russia of the first fourteen years of this century are inevitable, although the shocks of 1904-05 are lacking: an obscurantist bureaucracy is kept in power by a reactionary secret police; the literary and artistic intelligentsia is defiant but powerless; the technocratic intelligentsia is restless but unimaginative; the leaders themselves have no clear idea of what to do or where to go, and have fallen back on reiterating the old doctrines they no longer quite believe in themselves.

The Cold War was an intelligible American national mission when Soviet Russia was a closed and messianic society, presenting an intelligible challenge. In America today, certain of the beliefs and institutions of the Cold War coexist with a fairly widely held conviction that alliance with Russia is inevitable; the Chinese are the new challenge to us both. Yet even this—the "dual-condominium," or "convergence," model—was last year's belief, and Mr. Nixon has moved toward a normalization of relations with China.

Nuclear weapons have contributed to this stability, this inhibition of great-power policy. Foreseeable developments offer little prospect of a change in this situation, at least for the two superpowers. Arms-control agreements and the development of defensive-missile technology represent attempts further to stabilize the nuclear supremacy of the superpowers, as well as the nuclear balance, and to reduce the value of small nuclear systems as threats directed toward the superpowers. But uncertainty, miscalculation, the possibility of ingenious tactics have always been important factors in the deterrent threat posed by systems the size of France's, China's, or Great Britain's—or, potentially, of Israeli and Japanese systems.

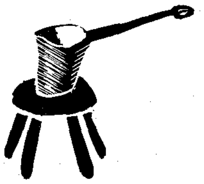
The malaise of the two superpowers has produced in them a discernible, although not at all conclusive, movement toward each other in their essential world policies. That is to say that each, preoccupied with the contradictions of its political and intellectual inheritances, is anxious to avoid changes that could further unsettle them both. In practical terms, this has meant preservation of the status quo in Europe, a guarded hostility in the Middle East, and a shared, and unrealistically inflated, preoccupation with China as a world power. There has been a "convergence" of Soviet and American systems rather different from that envisaged in the optimistic theories either of American analysts of the mid-nineteen-sixties or


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"It was when he started referring to his home movies as 'films' that I knew we were in for a bad night."

of the dissident Soviet scientists at the end of the decade.

The key events in this process have been the war in Vietnam and the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. The first destroyed the moral consensus upon which the Western alliance had rested, causing both Western Europe and Japan to regard the United States as, at best, an unwise, unpredictable, and unbalancing force in the world. The second blasted widely held expectations about Soviet political liberalization and evolution—and, more important, there was some degree of American connivance or positive acquiescence in the Soviet move. In 1956, the United States had organized and led a campaign of political reprisals against Russia for its invasion of Hungary, but in 1968, even though the quality of the Czech reforms was far less provocative to Russia and involved far less risk to Soviet security perceptions and interests, and even though the invasion was widely understood to be a clear possibility some time in advance and had been predicted by some Western analysts, the United States did virtually nothing either to deter it or to exact a penalty from Russia for it. Yet the opportunities were greater than they had been in 1956, simply because Russia was more deeply involved in trade and political relations with the West and had more to lose from Western economic reprisals or boycotts, a breaking off or serious suspension of arms-control negotiations, a positive (if self-penalizing) resumption by the United States of the arms race and an increase in arms budgets. There was obviously no reasonable way for this country actually to prevent the invasion, but the price exacted for it could have been made much higher than in 1956, and describing that price ahead of time could have served as a much greater deterrent. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in 1968 American officials were secretly relieved when Russia so efficiently removed this irritant to stable Soviet-American relations. "Munich," in this case, provided a convenient precedent, if one that it seemed better not to dwell upon. The significance of this was not lost on the European publics, nor was the significance of the nonproliferation treaty's attempt to freeze present nuclear-power relationships.



NOW the relationship of the superpowers is changed, and, indeed, the world may see the change as greater than either the United States or the Soviet Union intends or is prepared to acknowledge. The ideological rivalry obviously persists—the United States and the Soviet Union continue to struggle for political influence, and the United States and the Soviet Union have important commitments to regionally competitive states, as in the Middle East—but our hearts are no longer in the struggle. A real change has occurred in the Soviet-American relationship, which the Czechoslovak crisis only made explicit. Our relationship is no longer what it was in Stalin's day, or even in the Khrushchev era. It is a web of rival and collaborative interests and ambitions; it is a competition whose terms implicitly limit the roles of other powers. To the extent that the collaborative elements have been recognized in Soviet and American policy, America and the Soviet Union have become aligned on the same side of what is thus turned into a grossly unbalanced international order.

In this situation, an attempt to restore balance to the international system becomes very likely, probably by a qualified but important European and Japanese political and military reassertion. The passivity of Japan and the Western European nations over the last two decades was not, in any event, a condition that could be relied upon to endure, and now a crucial incentive to action has been supplied. The important question is whether Western Europe and Japan possess the will to action. At present, it must be said, they, too, are victims of the inner crisis of liberal society. Western Europe remains too afraid of change, and at the same time too complacent, to be capable of any great initiative. Eventually, Europe will be compelled to act, but it now seems clear that there will be no calculated political settlement in Europe on Western initiative, altering the Soviet role in Eastern Europe and peacefully resolving Russia's own unmanageable imperial inheritance. There will instead be a ragged, piecemeal breakup of the old Cold War. The United States will turn inward, wounded and resentful, leaving Western Europe and Germany to make their own accommodations with an unstable Russia. The process has already begun; the Western Europeans cling simultaneously to the remnants of NATO and to a faith in détente. Eventually, the Western European nations will move closer to one another, probably with a shared strategic deterrent, but this will be action taken under mounting external pressures and in conditions of political tension and economic conflict with the United States. Thus, the American sense of isolation—of moral isolation—will be deepened. Nor is an Asian settlement likely to come on any but bad terms for the self-esteem, to say nothing of the political interests, of the United States. A generation of localized instability in Asia was inevitable long before the American intervention on the mainland in the nineteen-sixties. Now a generation of international disorder there has been guaranteed, and the United States will be affected—and, of course, Japan will be, too. Japan, the great power of Asia, is at the same time a zealot convert to the materialism of the industrial West—a more insecure faith than the Japanese as yet understand. Modern Japan, too, has its innocence to lose. The loss may have devastating consequences.

World "leadership," unlike world "rule," implies an acknowledgment of a nation's—or a group of nations'—fitness to lead. But today the old spell is broken. The Cold War is now really finished—in a welter of embitterment and confusion. The old contenders, in halfhearted battle, are also half in alliance with one another to defy the forces of change and renewal. Together they present a bleakly reactionary spectacle. Having once announced themselves as destiny's elect, rivals to create a new world, they now collaborate to perpetuate the old one. They have lost their pretense to universalism. The Russians demonstrated their capacity for savagery during Stalin's regime of revolutionary necessity (as the apologists would have it) and then again in Czechoslovakia, where the cause was no universal one but, rather, old and obscurantist Russia's national need. We Americans have made our own demonstration in Indo-China, devoting our most advanced technology to the manufacture of death and to the materialization of illusion.

—WILLIAM PFAFF

•

> FROM THE FIRST time he saw it, Butler believed deeply in "Hair" and, even before the opening, he started growing his. Now pruned back a little, it just reaches his collar. Kenneth cuts it when he's in town, but his mustache is kept in order by the Racquet and Tennis Baron Elie de Rothschild, the Jaipur family, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Shah of Iran, Catherine Deneuve and Laura Huxley, widow of Aldous.

—Eugenia Sheppard in the Chicago Sun-Times.

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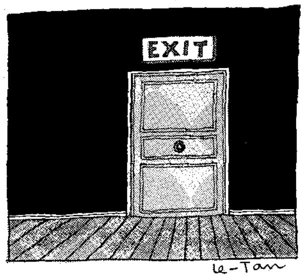
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pipe Dream



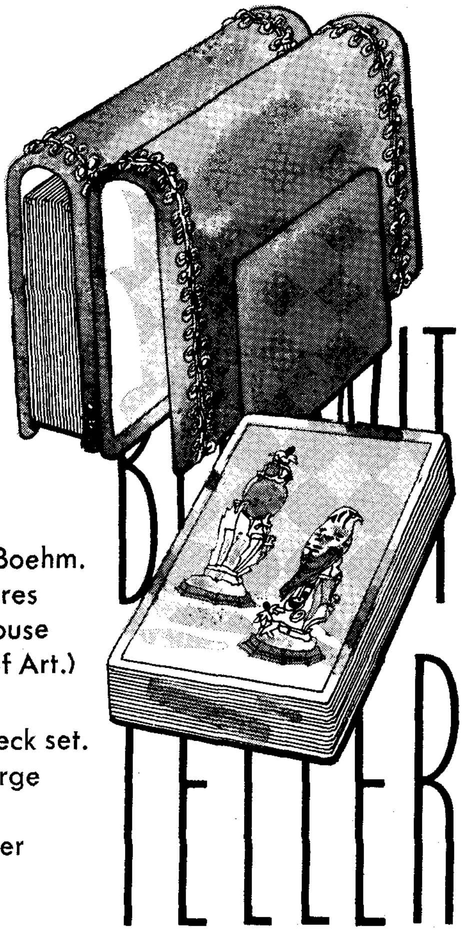
“McCabe & Mrs. Miller” is a beautiful pipe dream of a movie—a fleeting, almost diaphanous vision of what frontier life might have been. The film, directed by Robert Altman, and starring Warren Beatty as a small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam in the turn-of-the-century Northwest, is so indirect in method that it throws one off base. It’s not much like other Westerns; it’s not really much like other movies. We are used to movie romances, but this movie is a figment of the romantic imagination. Altman builds a Western town as one might build a castle in the air—and it’s inhabited. His stock company of actors turn up quietly in the new location, as if they were part of a floating crap game. Altman’s most distinctive quality as a director here, as in “M*A*S*H,” is his gift for creating an atmosphere of living interrelationships and doing it so obliquely that the viewer can’t quite believe it—it seems almost a form of effrontery. He has abandoned the theatrical convention that movies have generally clung to of introducing the characters and putting tags on them. Though Altman’s method is a step toward a new kind of movie naturalism, the technique may seem mannered to those who are put off by the violation of custom—as if he simply didn’t want to be straightforward about his storytelling. There are slight losses in his method—holes that don’t get filled and loose ends that we’re used to having tied up—but these losses (more like temporary inconveniences, really) are, I think, inseparable from Altman’s best qualities and from his innovative style.

There’s a classical-enough story, and it’s almost (though not quite) all there, yet without the usual emphasis. The fact is that Altman is dumping square conventions that don’t work anymore: the spelled-out explanations of motive and character, the rhymed plots, and so on—all those threadbare remnants of the “well-made” play which American movies have clung to. He can’t be straightforward in the old way, because he’s improvising meanings and connections, trying to find his movie in the course of making it—an incredibly risky procedure under modern union conditions. But when a director has a collaborative team he can count on, and when his instinct and his luck both hold good, the result can be a “McCabe & Mrs. Miller.” The classical story is only a thread in the story that Altman is telling. Like the wartime medical base in “M*A*S*H,” the West here is the life that the characters are part of. The people who drop in and out and the place—a primitive mining town—are not just background for McCabe and Mrs. Miller; McCabe and Mrs. Miller are simply the two most interesting people in the town, and we catch their stories, in glimpses, as they interact with the other characters and each other. But it isn’t a slice-of-life method, it’s a peculiarly personal one—delicate, elliptical. The picture seems to move in its own quiet time, and the faded beauty of the imagery works a spell. Lives are picked up and let go, and the sense of how little we know about them becomes part of the texture; we generally know little about the characters in movies, but since we’re assured that that little is all we need to know and thus all there is to know, we’re not bothered by it. Here we seem to be witnesses to a vision of the past—overhearing bits of anecdotes, seeing the irrational start of a fight, recognizing the saloon and the whorehouse as the centers of social life. The movie is so affecting it leaves one rather dazed. At one point, cursing himself for his inability to make Mrs. Miller understand the fullness of his love for her, McCabe mutters, “I got poetry in me. I do. I got poetry in me. Ain’t gonna try to put it down on paper . . . ain’t fool enough to try.” What this movie reveals is that there’s poetry in Robert Altman and he *is* able to put it on the screen. Emotionally far more complex than “M*A*S*H,” “McCabe & Mrs. Miller” is the work of a more subtle, more deeply gifted—more mysterious—intelligence than might have been guessed at from “M*A*S*H.”

The picture is testimony to the power of stars. Warren Beatty and Julie Christie have never been better, and they *are* the two most interesting people in the town. They seem to take over the screen by natural right—because we want to look at them longer and more closely. Altman brings them into focus so unobtrusively that it’s almost as if we had sorted them out from the others by ourselves. Without rigid guidelines, we observe them differently, and as the story unfolds, Beatty and Christie reveal more facets of their personalities than are apparent in those star vehicles that sell selected aspects of the stars to us. Julie Christie is no longer the androgynous starlet of “Darling,” the girl one wanted to see on the screen not for her performances but because she was so great-looking that she was compelling on her own, as an original. She had the profile of a Cocteau drawing—tawdry-classical—and that seemed enough: who could expect her to act? I think this is the first time (except, perhaps, for some of the early scenes in “Doctor Zhivago”) that I’ve believed in her as an *actress*—a warm and intense one—and become involved in the role she was playing, instead of merely admiring her extraordinary opaque mask. In this movie, the Cocteau girl has her opium. She’s a weird, hounded beauty as the junky madam Mrs. Miller—that great, fat underlip the only flesh on her, and her gaunt, emaciated face surrounded by frizzy ringlets. She’s like an animal hiding in its own fur. Julie Christie has that gift that beautiful actresses sometimes have of suddenly turning ugly and of being even more fascinating because of the crossover. When her nose practically meets her strong chin and she gets the look of a harpy, the demonstration of the thin line between harpy and beauty makes the beauty more dazzling—it’s always threatened. The latent qualities of the one in the other take the character of Mrs. Miller out of the realm of ordinary movie madams. It is the depth in her that makes her too much for the cocky, gullible McCabe; his inexpressible poetry is charming but too simple. An actor probably has to be very smart to play a showoff so sensitively; Beatty never overdoes McCabe’s foolishness, the way a foolish actor would. It’s hard to know what makes Beatty such a magnetic presence; he was that even early in his screen career, when he used to frown and loiter over a line of dialogue as if he hoped to find his character during the pauses. Now that he has developed pace and control, he has become just about as attractive a screen star as any of the romantic heroes of the past. He has an unusually comic romantic presence; there’s a gleefulness in Beatty, a light that comes on when he’s on-screen that says “Watch this—it’s fun.” McCabe pantomimes and talks to himself through much of this movie, complaining of himself to himself; his best lines are between him and us. Beatty carries off this tricky yokel form of soliloquy casually, with good-humored self-mockery. It's a fresh, ingenious performance; we believe McCabe when he says that Mrs. Miller is freezing his soul.

A slightly dazed reaction to the film is, I think, an appropriate one. Right from the start, events don't wait for the viewers' comprehension, as they do in most movies, and it takes a while to realize that if you didn't quite hear someone's words it's all right—that the exact words are often expendable, it's the feeling tone that matters. The movie is inviting, it draws you in, but at the opening it may seem unnecessarily obscure, perhaps too "dark" (at times it suggests a dark version of Sam Peckinpah's genial miss "The Ballad of Cable Hogue"), and later on it may seem insubstantial (the way Max Ophuls' "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." seemed—to some—insubstantial, or Godard's "Band of Outsiders"). One doesn't quite know what to think of an American movie that doesn't pretend to give more than a partial view of events. The gaslight, the subdued, restful color, and Mrs. Miller's golden opium glow, Leonard Cohen's lovely, fragile, ambiguous songs, and the drifting snow all make the movie hazy and evanescent. Everything is in motion, and yet there is a stillness about the film, as if every element in it were conspiring to tell the same incredibly sad story: that the characters are lost in their separate dreams.

The pipe dreamer is, of course, Robert Altman. "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" seems so strange because, despite a great deal of noise about the art of film, we are unaccustomed to an intuitive, quixotic, essentially impractical approach to moviemaking, and to an exploratory approach to a subject, particularly when the subject is the American past. Improvising as the most gifted Europeans do has been the dream of many American directors, but few have been able to beat the economics of it. In the past few years, there have been breakthroughs, but only on sensational current subjects. Can an American director get by with a movie as personal as this—personal not as in "personal statement" but in the sense of giving form to his own feelings, some not quite defined, just barely suggested? A movie like this isn't made by winging it; to improvise in a period setting takes phenomenal discipline, but "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" doesn't look "disciplined," as movies that lay everything out for the audience do. Will a large enough American public accept American movies that are delicate and understated



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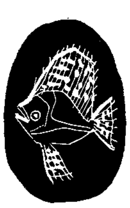
and searching—movies that don't resolve all the feelings they touch, that don't aim at leaving us *satisfied*, the way a three-ring circus satisfies? Or do we accept such movies only from abroad, and then only a small group of us—enough to make a foreign film a hit but not enough to make an American film, which costs more, a hit? A modest picture like "Claire's Knee" would probably have been a financial disaster if it had been made in this country, because it might have cost more than five times as much and the audience for it is relatively small. Nobody knows whether this is changing—whether we're ready to let American moviemakers grow up to become artists or whether we're doomed to more of those "hard-hitting, ruthlessly honest" American movies that are themselves illustrations of the crudeness they attack. The question is always asked, "Why aren't there American Bergmans and Fellinis?" Here is an American artist who has made a beautiful film. The question now is "Will enough people buy tickets?"

JANE FONDA's motor runs a little fast. As an actress, she has a special kind of smartness that takes the form of speed; she's always a little ahead of everybody, and this quicker beat—this quicker responsiveness—makes her more exciting to watch. This quality works to great advantage in her full-scale, definitive portrait of a call girl in "Klute." It's a good, big role for her, and she disappears into Bree, the call girl, so totally that her performance is very pure—unadorned by "acting." As with her defiantly self-destructive Gloria in "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?," she never stands outside Bree, she gives herself over to the role, and yet she isn't *lost* in it—she's fully in control, and her means are extraordinarily economical. She has somehow got to a plane of acting at which even the closest closeup never reveals a false thought and, seen on the movie streets a block away, she's Bree, not Jane Fonda, walking toward us.

The center of the movie is the study of the temperament and the drives of this intelligent, tough high-bracket call girl who wants to quit; she tries to get modelling jobs, she wants to be an actress, she is in analysis, yet she enjoys her power over her customers. It is the life surrounding her profession that frightens her; the work itself has peculiar compensations. Though there have been countless movie prostitutes, this is perhaps the first major attempt to transform modern clinical understanding into human understanding and dramatic meaning. The conception may owe some debt to the Anna Karina whore in "My Life to Live," but Bree is a much more ambivalent character. She's maternal and provocative with her customers, confident and contemptuously cool; she's a different girl alone—huddled in bed in her disorderly room. The suspense plot involves the ways in which prostitutes attract the forces that destroy them. Bree's knowledge that as a prostitute she has nowhere to go but down and her mixed-up efforts to escape make her one of the strongest feminine characters to reach the screen. It's hard to remember that this is the same actress who was the wide-eyed, bare-bottomed Barbarella and the anxious blond bride of "Period of Adjustment" and the brittle, skittish girl in the broad-brimmed hat of "The Chapman Report;" I wish Jane Fonda could divide herself in two, so we could have new movies with that naughty-innocent comedienne as well as with this brilliant, no-nonsense dramatic actress. Her Gloria invited comparison with Bette Davis in her great days, but the character of Gloria lacked softer tones, shading, variety. Her Bree transcends the comparison; there isn't another young dramatic actress in American films who can touch her.

"Klute" is far from a work of art, but it's a superior thriller-melodrama, well written, by Andy and Dave Lewis, and directed tactfully and intelligently, by Alan J. Pakula, so that it provides a framework for the pivotal character. Donald Sutherland's Klute, a straight, country-town policeman who has come to Manhattan to investigate the disappearance of a man said to have been one of Bree's Johns, is a supporting role, and Sutherland plays him with becoming modesty. The movie founders, however, on the conventions of the murder-mystery genre. Of course, everyone longs to see a good murder mystery, like the ones of the forties, but how can you make one now? Pakula is as much aware of the problem of square conventions as Altman, but, unlike Altman, who throws out as many as he can, Pakula compromises by trying to soft-pedal them. However, the mechanics of suspense—the lurking figures, the withheld information, the standard gimmick of getting the heroine to go off alone so she can be menaced by the big-shot sadistic sex fiend, the improbable confessions and last-minute rescues—are just claptrap, overused and inevitably associated in our minds with B pictures and TV fodder. That doesn't prevent us from being scared, but we're aware of what a synthetic sort of reaction we're having. There's no conviction in these devices anymore; they're hokum, and the movie's awful, repetitive horror-tingle music emphasizes the fancy excesses of the photography; the shadows and angles are as silly as a fright wig. Would a simpler, more documentary approach to the look of the film have worked better? A little, perhaps, but simplicity is far more difficult, and probably somewhat more hazardous commercially, and it wouldn't really solve the basic problem of fraudulent suspense. Nevertheless, "Klute" is a powerful, scary melodrama, and only once does the discreet director intrude on Miss Fonda's performance. In a scene between Bree and a customer, there is a cut to her looking at her wristwatch while feigning passion. A businesslike look at the watch *before* her ecstatic cries, or even after, might possibly be consistent with the character—Jane Fonda is just naturally in a hurry—but this is a crummy, cute nod to the audience for a laugh. The bit sticks out, because Miss Fonda has moved beyond working the audience.



"CARNAL KNOWLEDGE," the nifty title of the new Mike Nichols picture, from an original screenplay by Jules Feiffer, leads the viewer to expect a comedy (maybe because it's what the viewer *wants*), and I was psychologically prepared for a comedy, too, because it seemed the least that Nichols owed the movie audience after "Catch-22," and I assumed he knew that. But he knew something else. "Carnal Knowledge" turns out to be a grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. This movie doesn't just raise a problem, it's part of it, and, aesthetically, it makes the problem worse. It's as if *Playboy* had suddenly seen the error of its ways and now sold its remorse in the same crusading format. The effects are almost all achieved through the line readings, and the *cleverness* is unpleasant. It's all surface and whacking emphasis. The controlled hysteria of this desperate, surefire, hit-it-on-the-button comedy style has about the same relationship to humor that belting has to singing.

Feiffer had what sounds like a promising idea: to take two college roommates in the mid-nineteen-forties (Jack Nicholson, who becomes a tax lawyer, and Arthur Garfunkel, who becomes a doctor) and follow their sexual attitudes and activities through to their middle age, in the early seventies. But Feiffer has rigged the case in order to write a tract on American romantic legends versus the unmitigated rotten "truth." Glowering Jack Nicholson is a jock Heathcliff with a big-breast fixation, and we watch him over the years yelling at Ann-Margret (who appears to be fitted out with giant plastic mammaries) and exploding in frustration as he becomes more and more impotent. Garfunkel is a mild drip who goes from a dull, proper marriage with Candice Bergen to an affair with a metallic mistress (Cynthia O'Neal, who looks like Helen Gurley Brown) and winds up with a curly-haired teen-ager who looks as if she might be his daughter. It's a parallel history of dissatisfaction and emptiness. The men have nothing to give, and they never learn anything; their aging is a process of becoming more nakedly ugly and corrupt, and the movie sours as they age, scoring off them repeatedly and never letting them win a round. There's an element of punishment in the movie's social criticism.

If you were surprised that in "Catch-22" some relatively harmless sex acts seemed to be included among the scourges and horrors of war, you may be even more surprised at the disgust heaped on sex in this movie. In the new, politicized morality, if well-heeled Americans do it sex must be vile, because how could they possibly know anything about love? (The bohemian left used to tweak the middle classes for their stuffy sexual morality and for taking sex too seriously; now the middle classes are flayed for having learned their lesson and wanting to play.) This show-business fundamentalism is probably perfectly timed: what "The Graduate" was for the generation gap, "Carnal Knowledge" can be for Women's Lib sex-gap arguments. A movie doesn't have to be good to be taken as a controversial, extremely important moral statement. People can use the movie against each other, and that sells tickets. Women can say "See!" and men can confess "Yes, I, too, have been guilty." And since the characters are of Benjamin's *parents'* generation, the movie audience is already prepared to believe that they never could feel, never could relate.

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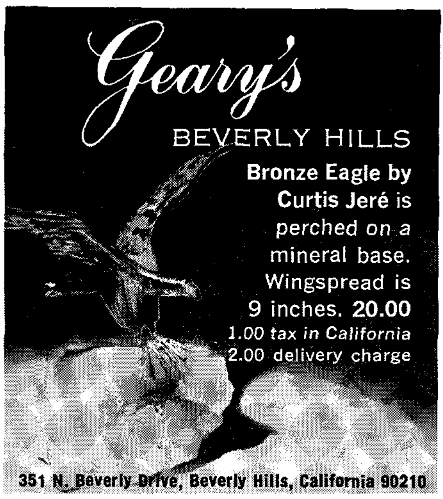

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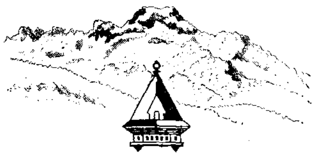

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stereotypes with new lecherous-decadent stereotypes. People can say, "It's all true, I know people just like that"—men who see women only as sex organs, and so on. There probably are some men like these two, just as there probably *still* are women like the chirrupy mothers and widows Spring Byington used to play, but truth in movies relates to something more than the existence of examples. This movie says not merely that there are some people like these but that this is *it*—that is, that this movie, in its own satirical terms, presents a more accurate view of men and women than conventional movies do. That may be the case, but the movie isn't convincing. It proceeds by duologues—conversations between the two buddies discussing their women, and man-woman conversations. Though "Carnal Knowledge" somewhat resembles "Faces," the women here are as vacuous as the men. This is, I think, where the movie first tips its mechanical hand: in the college scenes, when Candice Bergen is dating both men, her blank, smiling superiority and her refusal to give us a clue to her sexual behavior suggest merely incompetence until we realize that no one else in the movie is going to be comprehensible, either. Since we know nothing about their feelings, the steps they take and the patterns of their lives have no internal logic. The characters are depersonalized from the start through the elimination of all the possibilities in their lives except sex drives—not only love and work and family and affection are eliminated but even eroticism, even simple warmth—and then the two men are indicted as a monster and a weakling because the "truth" of their lives is not love but this depersonalized sex. The movie starts out by splitting sex from love as a satirical device and getting laughs from the separation. By the end, the movie is using its own device as "reality."

The actors are badly served; they're served up, really. Candice Bergen, who elsewhere has suggested some bright possibilities as a comedienne, is given scenes of emotional stress that are probably unplayable (since they don't make sense), and rises to the heights of middle-period Lana Turner. Garfunkel is pleasantly non-actorish at the start, but since he has no projection he becomes such a limp presence that you forget he's on the screen. Nicholson, on the other hand, acts up such a tormented, villainous squall that even his best scene—a well-written monologue about the perils of shacking up—seems to be delivered in full voice against cliffs and crashing seas. What with the big-band records and the now obligatory watching-a-movie-on-TV scene (Dick Powell singing "I'll String Along with You" in "Twenty Million Sweethearts"), what with Cynthia O'Neal's bitchy snootiness and Ann-Margret's simp pathos and Rita Moreno as an anxious-to-please prostitute and a scene of Miss Bergen laughing, laughing, laughing in closeup, it's all rather like a Ross Hunter production that has been sitting on the stove too long.

There is a small point that may get lost in all this: To contrast the American dream of true-love-forever with this cold sexual usage as if to clear away lies is—in some ways—being awfully silly. Audiences used to know better than those old romantic illusions, which were entertaining *romances*, while the current movie audience is so softened by repeated lacerations that the narrow view in "Carnal Knowledge" may pass for realism. It's true we can no longer sustain pleasant illusions; the realities at this time have made them intolerable. But this swing over to an illusion system in which we're worms just makes us more helpless to deal with facts.

"THE ANDERSON TAPES" is a broadly played, slovenly crime-caper melodrama with enough crude energy to satisfy people who are looking for a dumb summer show that will kill a couple of hours. That is how I interpret the long lines and the packed theatre and the laughs. The movie is made up of just those crummy shoves at the audience that "Klute" slipped into that once. Sean Connery manages to rise above the material, but he succeeds only in making the rest of the cast look as bad as it is. I've rarely seen so many small, sleazy performances in one movie. The only distinction of "The Anderson Tapes" is the amount of time spent on a gimmick—everybody's conversations are being recorded—which turns out to be totally irrelevant to the plot. Some may be willing to call this irony.

—PAULINE KAEL

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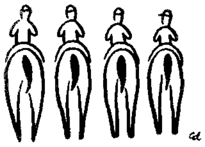
THE RACE TRACK

Royal Ascot

FOR the first time in ever so long, I missed the Queen's Plate at Woodbine in Toronto. Instead, I spent four days last month at Royal Ascot, the most glamorous meeting anywhere—and I've been at Longchamp for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, at Hollywood Park for the Hollywood Gold Cup, at the old Belmont Park for the Futurity, at Saratoga for the Travers, and at Laurel for the International. At Ascot, there are six races a day, every one a stakes race, and almost all bringing out most of the leading horses in training in England, with coats shining like new satin and with the bearing of monarchs. On first sight, the stand at Ascot reminds you of Woodbine, fondly known as the Colossus of the North, though the present one at Ascot, rebuilt in the early sixties, is, in fact, twice as big. It's a place of magnificent distances. The walk from the Royal Enclosure to the paddock, for instance, is as long as Belmont Park's grandstand. (The Queen walks it whenever one of her horses is saddled for a race, and also makes the trip to have a look at other runners.)



Royal Ascot hasn't always been known for its good weather, and this year it exceeded itself: When it didn't rain, I suspected that all the lovely ladies in summer dresses wished they were wearing fur coats. It has been the custom since the days of Queen Anne, who began the whole thing, for royalty to ride down the stretch past the stand before each day's races, usually in landaus. On opening day this year, that was scratched, because the going was so sticky. On closing day, after a light rain had built up into a downpour, the Queen and her entourage rode past the stand in vintage broughams that would have delighted the eye of any vehicle collector.

In shape, the Ascot racecourse is rather like a figure 9 lying on its back—the back being a mile-long straightaway. Because of the condition of the turf this year, starts from stall gates were abandoned in favor of either a flag, as at hunt-club meetings, or the old tape barrier, which I hadn't seen in twenty years. If you like long races, Royal Ascot is your cup of tea. There were five at a mile and a half, one at two miles, two at two miles and a half, and one at two miles six furlongs and thirty-four yards. How horses were able to get that far over the sodden turf I don't know, but all the races were exciting to watch, and the runners were closely bunched most of the way. The premier event of the meeting was the Ascot Gold Cup, at two miles and a half, instituted in 1807. Ten ran, and Rock Roi, a good-looking four-year-old, won, with Random Shot second and Orosio third. Charlton, the Queen's horse, was fourth. Like our own Damascus, whom you may remember, Rock Roi had a pacemaker, King of the Castle, who led till five furlongs from home. The rest was easy. There were six starters in the Queen Alexandra Stakes, the longest one, which Brown Jack, an idol of other days, used to win year after year. Parthenon, the winner last year, tried to lead from start to finish—an exacting task on the soggy turf. Hickleton (who is just over fifteen hands) wore him down in the last half mile, to score by five lengths. Le Levanhot was third. Lester Piggott, who rode Hickleton, also won the last race of the afternoon and the meeting, the King's Stand Stakes, on Jock Whitney's Swing Easy, coming in three lengths ahead of Mummy's Pet. Piggott, England's favorite jockey, who has a bigger following than Arcaro ever had, rode only three winners at the meeting, but Swing Easy was 7–1, so perhaps his followers broke even. And I'm pleased to report that Brigadier Gerard, this department's favorite three-year-old, won again, in the St. James's Palace Stakes. But he was under the highest pressure to win by a head from Sparkler, who had led most of the way.

Going to Ascot isn't cheap. A badge to the Royal Enclosure for the day is five pounds, and one to the grandstand is three, but you can get into the Silver Ring (it's like the old Dollar Field at Saratoga) for seventy new pence and into the Heath—the infield to you—for thirty (seventy-two cents to you).

Need I say that you dress for Ascot, especially if you're in the Royal Enclosure? The ladies can go as far as they like with their hats—and some do. I've never seen anything at the Kentucky Derby to match them. For men, formal dress, with gray or black top hats. On opening day, a man wearing green velvet hot pants and silver sandals tried to make the Royal Enclosure. He didn't.

—AUDAX MINOR

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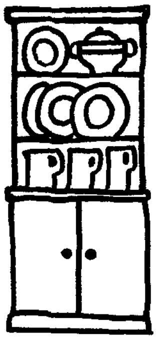
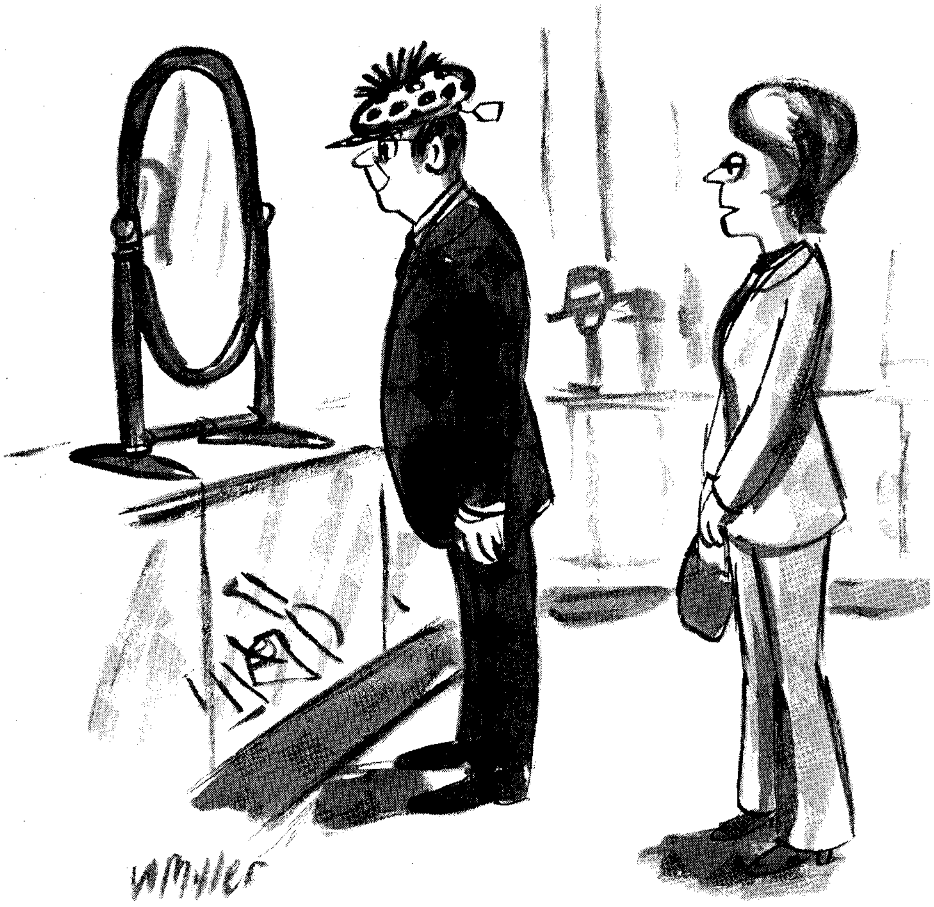


THE newly married maintain an attitude of flat indifference, if not of outright mockery, toward their wedding presents. It is not the business of youth—especially of today's youth—to gloat over silver and crystal. Why, then, do well-wishers continue to ply young couples with the decanters and asparagus servers of Cartier and Tiffany and Baccarat and Buccellati, instead of with the meat grinders and manure spreaders of the Whole Earth Catalog? The answer (as it presented itself to me in the course of preparing the following report on wedding presents) is that it is a good deal easier on the well-wisher to shop at Cartier, Tiffany, Baccarat, etc., than at the places where more utilitarian objects are sold. These august establishments offer the shopper aesthetic satisfactions for which the ingratitude of the recipients seems well worth risking. And as the ingrates grow older, they may experience a change of heart toward their *luxe* presents and find themselves using and liking the very things they most scorned.

A visit to Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, is like a visit to a museum. The meticulous handmade reproductions and adaptations of antiques produced by this venerable firm, as well as its new designs, are informed with a lucidity and tact not found in any other crystal being made today. And yet it is possible to find a handsome present here for less than the price of a parking fine. An elegant, squat, solid jam pot (or mustard pot), four and three-eighths inches high, with hexagonal sides and a domed hexagonal lid, costs only $12, which price includes a crystal spoon. A small, fragile vase, five inches high and three and a quarter inches in diameter, and etched with a delicate scroll pattern, is $16. This is called a Michelangelo vase, and has a kind of Pre-Raphaelite sweetness that is not typical of Baccarat. A felicitously proportioned pitcher named Lorraine is more typical and more French. It has a simple cut-glass pattern on the bottom half of its rounded body, and a lovely air of clarity and precision. It costs $32. A plain, heavy decanter with an oblate body and a short, straight neck, called a commodore's decanter because it was designed to be used on ships, is also $32. Among Baccarat's recent designs are two remarkable vases based on antique Chinese vases. The crystal translations retain much of the feeling of the originals and also have a suggestion about them of Art Deco. One is tall and square, and costs $130; the other is low and curvaceous, and costs $75. Baccarat's stemware ranges from $78 per dozen to $85 for a single glass. Plain wineglasses that cost $6.50 or $7.50 each would probably make the best presents for young householders. An excellent all-around wineglass called Perfection ($7.50), which has a tulip bowl and a slender stem, is made of medium-thin crystal; according to Baccarat, it was designed in 1933 to fit the specifications of Bordeaux wine merchants. Another good plain, medium-thin wineglass is Montaigne, which has a round bowl, a slightly stouter stem than Perfection's, and a price tag of $6.50. Brummel is shaped like Montaigne, but the crystal of its bowl is so incredibly thin that it is flexible when pressed between the fingers; $13 each.

THE hand-wrought silver objects for sale at Buccellati, 703 Fifth Avenue (55th), have a distinct and instantly recognizable style, like the crystal at Baccarat. The Buccellati silver has a dark, brooding ornateness that makes one think of heavyset Renaissance faces and stories about poisonings. (One of the table-silver patterns is actually called Borgia.) Everything here looks old and valuable. Nothing here is cheap. A small picture frame (six inches high and six inches wide) is a lozenge-shaped mass of thick, rich scrolling around a central tiny glass-covered oval. It looks like an heirloom and would be a memorable wedding present; $420. A cruet set of two crystal bottles and a simple silver stand that (as it happens) looks more Georgian than Medici is $210. A four-piece tea and coffee set, which includes a teapot, a coffeepot, a sugar bowl, and a creamer, is made of silver that has been "pounced"—that is, its surface is pitted with hundreds of little dark dots set very close together, so that it has a kind of gunmetal, lacklustre appearance, which looks a lot better than it sounds. The pieces have dark wood handles whose curvature gracefully echoes the body shapes. The four pieces are $1,450, and a matching oval tray is $900. Buccellati's heavy, princely flat-



"'Spiffy' doesn't begin to say it."

ware seems more applicable to households where *droit du seigneur* is practiced than those where Canadian Air Force physical-fitness exercises are endured. Still, it's wonderful stuff, and the handmade patterns are especially so. (There are also die-cast patterns.) St. Mark, the least expensive of the handwrought flatware patterns, at $141 a five-piece dinner setting, has elegant trifid-end handles edged by a thin raised border and punctuated by a thin midrib. Borgia ($235 a five-piece dinner setting) has a rich raised design reminiscent of the creamy decorations on expensive chocolates. Grande Imperiale ($272 a five-piece dinner setting) is so grand that even the member of the Buccellati staff who was showing me around demurred at the thought of anyone's wanting such formal table silver today. Gifts of serving pieces or sets of spoons might be considered: St. Mark coffee spoons are $16 each, and Borgia demitasse spoons are $24 each; a St. Mark pierced vegetable spoon is $67, and a Grande Imperiale soup ladle is $173.

IN the silver department of Georg Jensen, 601 Madison Avenue (57th), the shopper is once again confronted with a strong and singular style, this time a twentieth-century one. The flatware patterns span sixty years—from Continental, designed by Jensen in 1908, to Margrethe, designed by Annelise Bjorner and Rigmor Andersen in 1966. Both are among the plainest and most functional-looking of the eighteen designs in the Jensen collection; their Scandinavian Modern aspect is at once familiar and surprising to see in silver rather than in the stainless steel one has come to associate it with. I was especially taken with Acorn (designed by Johan Rohde in 1915), Acanthus (Rohde, 1917), and Cactus (Gundorph Albertus, 1930), which are decorated with stylized acorns, acanthus leaves, and cactuses, respectively. These patterns are as "modern" as the plain ones—there is no question here of historical imitation or of decoration unrelated to form—and yet they illustrate the potential of ornament as an ally rather than an enemy of functionalism. A compote designed by Jensen in 1930 has a tall stem that seems to writhe toward a thick, rich cluster of grapes depending from the bottom of an absolutely plain shallow round bowl; it is one of the most elegant and organic objects I have ever seen. The compote is made in several sizes, from a six-inch one, for $350, to a twelve-inch specimen, for $1,350. A crystal jam pot has a

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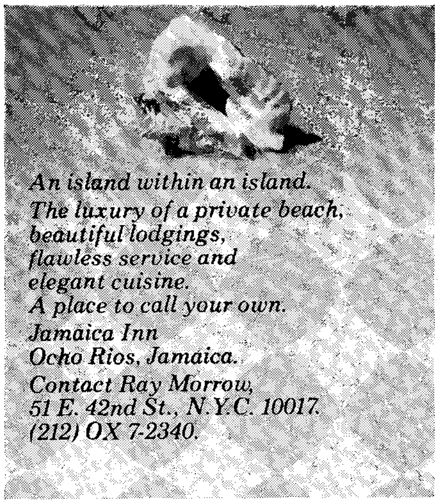

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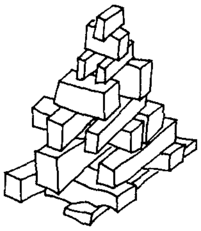
silver lid decorated with a fat rosebud on an Art Nouveau curve of a stem; the lid was designed by Jensen, the pot is by Baccarat, and the price of this exquisite object is $140. A small leaf-bowl spoon with a bead-decorated handle that delicately curves back on itself is a felicitous match for the jam pot; it costs $22. A goblet designed by Harald Nielsen has a plain tulip bowl and an intricate stem whose members are like girders on bridges; $250. Six-piece place settings of the Jensen flatware range from $145, for Continental, to $375, for Blossom, which is decorated with the above-mentioned rosebud.

CARTIER's redoubtable collection of hand-wrought silver flatware is made by a firm called the Newbury Crafters, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and most of the patterns are reproductions or adaptations of eighteenth-century patterns. I was most drawn to the plain Georgian patterns such as Sturbridge, Fiddleback, and Moulton, whose look of antiquity is abetted by Cartier's elegant calligraphic monogramming. All the Newbury silver has a warm, mellow, almost golden lustre (the Buccellati and Jensen silver is colder and grayer), and the pieces *look* intensely handmade. (The Buccellati and Jensen flatware have a less flagrantly hand-hammered aspect.) Prices of the Newbury table silver are from $105 to $175 for a six-piece place setting, and from $72.50 to $107 for a four-piece place setting. Among the many not staggeringly expensive silver presents that can be purchased at Cartier, consider these: a boxed set of eight tiny octagonal saltshakers, for $30; a set of six coffee spoons with pointed silver bowls and white enamel handles, each decorated with a different fragile polychrome flower ($55); and an impeccable, affectionate reproduction of the set of three metal measuring spoons on a ring, marked "1 teaspoon," "½ teaspoon," and "¼ teaspoon," that is sold in the dime store ($22.50).

CHARLES LAMB confessed to "an almost feminine partiality for old china," and the china he meant was undoubtedly the porcelain made expressly for European export at the Imperial kilns at Chingtehchen throughout the eighteenth century. Small handle-less teacups with deep, round saucers such as Lamb was partial to—perhaps even the very ones he drank his hyson from—can be purchased for around $75 apiece at the Art Exchange, 908 Third Avenue (55th), and would be delightful wedding presents for the right staid couple. Many of the Art Exchange's Chinese export cups and saucers are decorated with delicate overglaze polychrome European flower designs or Oriental scenes, though there are also some decorated with blue-and-white underglaze scenes of Chinese bridges and pagodas and boats and figures. Small scallop-edged dishes known as spoon trays are available for from $100 to $150 in the overglaze patterns and for around $75 in the blue-and-white patterns; single saucers in various patterns are from $30 to $50. The spoon trays and saucers can be used as ashtrays by those determined to find a use for everything. Chinese export porcelain is much prized today by collectors, and it is like no other china. That it is neither one thing nor the other—neither Chinese nor European—is oddly pleasing. The spurious in this case does not repel but has the charm and truth of naïve art. The subtly irregular surface quality of the porcelain adds to its appeal and makes other porcelain seem slick in contrast. There is something personable and almost alive about this china.

A CONTEMPORARY china that gives me something of the same satisfaction is the Dansk Company's Generation line of stoneware. The blunt and beautifully proportioned plates and cups and bowls and casseroles are decorated only with thin brown or blue lines, which appear singly at the rims of cups and twice around the borders of plates, and with the little pits and brown marks that derive from the iron used in the pottery's manufacture and irregularly pepper its gray surface. (Dansk also makes versions of this stoneware decorated with brown or blue designs of an Oriental aspect, done in free, thick brushstrokes. They're not bad, but not as effective, in my opinion, as the plain patterns.) The Dansk stoneware has the warm, solid, unpretentious character of antique country pieces, and yet it is unmistakably and frankly a product of our urban, industrial, post-Bauhaus time—one that American manufacturers would do well to emulate (before the Japanese do). A five-piece place setting of the brown-rimmed dinnerware is $23 at Lord & Taylor, and of the blue-rimmed pattern $24; other stores that have it include Tiffany, Bonniers, and Bloomingdale's.

THE porcelain made in Limoges by the firm of Raynaud & Cie., called Ceralene, is among the most delicate and exquisite porcelain being turned out today. Most of the forty-odd Ceralene patterns—which are available on the second floor of the Baccarat building—have an old-fashioned character, and many are reproductions or adaptations of eighteenth-century museum pieces. Mon Jardin ($32.50 a five-piece place setting) is based on a fabric design of the French East India Company, and is a lovely composition of large, realistic garden flowers, butterflies, fruits, and nuts, in a soft and fragrant palette. Blue Carnation is an underglaze pattern depicting a single, blurred, vivid-blue carnation surrounded by sprays of blue flowers ($37.50). Individual serving pieces are available in most of the patterns. A Mon Jardin compote is $32.50 and a Blue Carnation compote is $37.50; a twelve-inch oval platter in the Mon Jardin pattern is $21.50. Demitasses—from $7.50 to $55.50 each—are beautiful enough to be given singly.



Distinguished porcelain of the Royale Limoges mark is available at Altman's. Adriana, an expansive polychrome floral pattern reminiscent of old crewelwork designs, is $21.50 a five-piece place setting. A nicely shaped low covered vegetable dish in this pattern is $37.50; a fourteen-inch oval platter is $25; and a demitasse cup is $6. Duplessis, which is owned by Princess Margaret and is an adaptation of an incredibly elaborate and regal old Sèvres pattern, has a gilded and beflowered turquoise-blue border and a vivid-red bird of paradise framed by laurel foliage in the pure-white center. Duplessis costs $85 a five-piece place setting and was the first choice in a consumer-preference poll recently held here by the Royale Limoges people. (And they call this the space age.) There is something almost repulsive about this kind of rich, smooth, Boucher-like china-painting, so far removed from the potter's art, and yet there is something wonderful about it, too—in its historical interest, perhaps, or (more likely) in its appeal to the privilege-loving child in us all.

IN recent years, there has been a great increase in the incidence of premarital cooking, and the prospective donor of a kitchen present would do well to make some discreet inquiries so as not to duplicate equipment that the couple already own. A couple who mastered the art of Julia I and II during their courtship are not apt to lack for cast-iron skillets or Mouli food-mills. The kitchen things to look for in such cases are amenities rather than necessaries—the little (or big) luxuries that one hesitates to buy for oneself but happily receives from others. A copper bowl for beating egg whites is one such luxury ("For some chemical reason," Julia Child writes, "egg whites mount more smoothly if beaten in an unlined copper bowl than if beaten in glass, porcelain, or stainless steel"), and at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), a variety of sizes are on hand, from a bowl eight inches in diameter ($14.95) to a great big fourteen-inch bowl ($36.95). The bowls have hanging rings and are a lovely sight on a kitchen wall. A mortar and pestle made, surprisingly, of heavy green-tinged glass, rather than the usual earthenware or porcelain, is for sale at Bloomingdale's for $5, $8, and $12, in four-, five-, and seven-inch diameters. It's wonderful-looking, and should work.

The Rival Manufacturing Company's new electric appliance, the Crock-Pot, represents an interesting departure from our restless, speed-crazed, instant-gratification-oriented way of life. Everything you put in the Crock-Pot takes not minutes but forever to cook. A beef stew takes from eight to twelve hours, Italian meat sauce takes from ten to eighteen hours, and baked beans take as long as twenty-four hours. The appliance is a three-and-a-half-quart, steel-encased glazed-stoneware pot with an electric thermostat and cord; its "low" reading provides only fifty watts of heat. The idea is that meat is more tender and flavorful when stewed by a slow, low-heat method, and this is well borne out by the Crock-Pot. The stew I made in it—using cheap cuts of beef—was as soft and satiny as filet mignon, and a lot more flavorful. I have been prevented from trying out more of the recipes that the Rival Company provides in an accompanying booklet by my family's stuffy attitude toward dining at 4 A.M., but people who can start cooking early in the day, rather than after work, will be satisfied users of the Crock-Pot if my one experiment with it is any indication. I must add one cavil: the pot is an eyesore. It comes either in a "deluxe wood tone" finish or in red or avocado green decorated with tatty little drawings of food, and in all cases the words Rival Crock-Pot Slow-Cooker Server appear in bold gold type—lest the user mistake it for a Westinghouse Hair Dryer, or what? The Crock-Pot in "deluxe wood tone" costs about $30 here and there around town, and about $20 in red or avocado at Macy's and Bloomingdale's.

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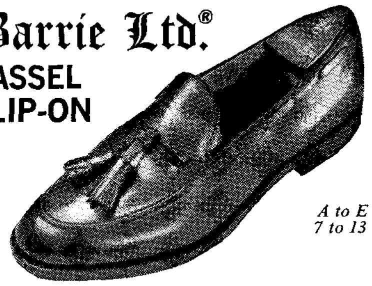

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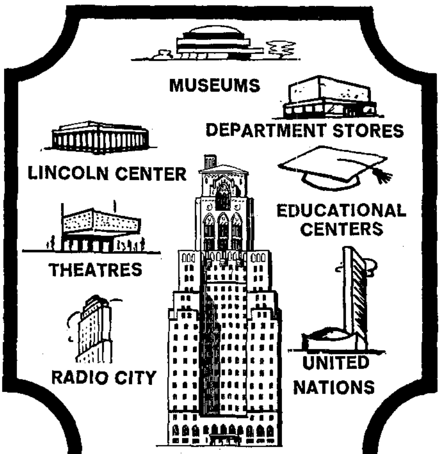
whatsoever are no problem whatsoever. Anything in the way of enamelled cast-iron pots and fry pans, carbon-steel knives, soufflé dishes, woks, couscous makers, meat grinders, electric mixers, blenders, and fry pans, Salton hot trays, sieves, colanders, and canisters will be gratefully received, and the following cookbooks will be of particular usefulness: "The Joy of Cooking," by Irma Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker; "Mastering the Art of French Cooking, Volume I," by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle, and Julia Child; "The New York Times Cook Book," edited by Craig Claiborne; "Culinary Classics and Improvisations," by Michael Field; and "The James Beard Cookbook," by James Beard. (It's a good idea to buy gift books at one of the large bookstores with a liberal return policy, so that if the recipient wants to exchange "The Joy of Cooking" for "The Primal Scream" he will be able to do so.)

A PREPOSTEROUS and delightful Victorian silver-plate centerpiece—called a "multiple epergne" by its manufacturer, the Barker Ellis Silver Company, of England—is for sale at Bloomingdale's in an embossed version, for $435, and at James Robinson (12 East 57th Street) in a plain version, for $460. The purposes served by the epergne are to offer a dazzled gathering of dinner guests fruit, candy, and/or illumination from a central compote with four curvaceous arms that proffer interchangeable candy dishes and candleholders. The piece breaks down into fourteen parts and can be set up in innumerable ways. It can bear four candy dishes or four candleholders, or two candy dishes and two candleholders, or three candy dishes and one candleholder, or one candy dish and three candleholders, or be stripped of the arms and dishes and holders and exist as a mere high compote, or be further reduced to the status of a low compote. It's like an educational toy, and can provide hours of fun. A couple whose taste runs to Victorian antiques will find it a pleasure to look at as well as to fool around with.

At West Town House, 260 West 86th Street, there is a great big, square-cut, old-fashioned soup tureen made of a Staffordshire earthenware in a pattern called Calico, a dense design of little white flowers on a deep-blue background. It has a separate underplate (which can serve as a platter) and a ladle, and the price is $60. This is an object more to contemplate than to try to get into the dishwasher. A cake plate



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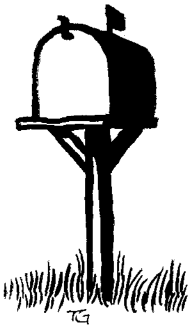
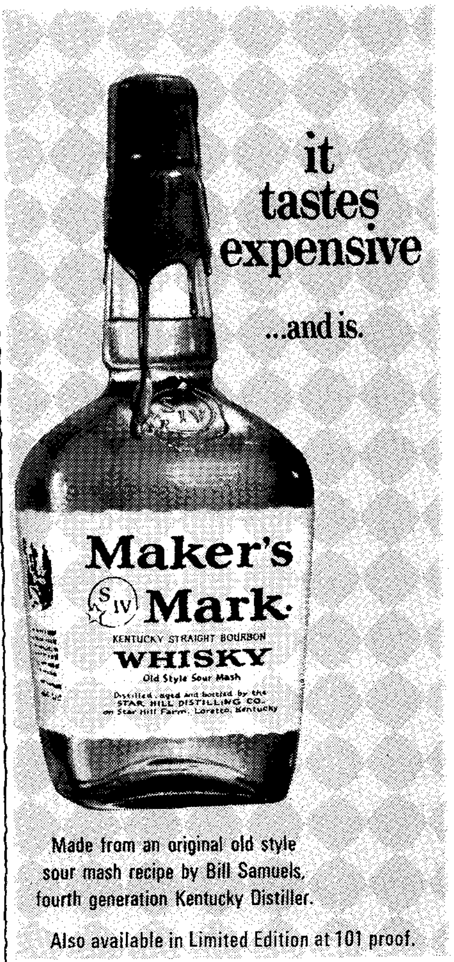
with a dome is offered in the same pattern for $18.95. One-of-a-kind Victorian cruet sets are for sale at S. Wyler, Inc., 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), at prices ranging from $85 to $135. The stands are of Sheffield silver plate, and the four or six bottles of the set are cut crystal. Wyler's hand-wrought Georgian silver stuffing spoons ($75 to $100) are very choice, and so are miscellaneous sets of four or six Georgian teaspoons and coffee spoons that average between $10 and $15 a spoon. Tiffany has a silver reproduction of a Georgian stuffing spoon whose hollow handle houses a marrow scoop—a thin, long-handled spoon with a boat-shaped bowl—which emerges when the handle end is screwed off; $275 is asked for this handsome oddity.

NOWADAYS, many couples spend the first years of their marriage travelling around the world or moving about the country, and they pose a problem for the rich relative who wants to present them with something magnificent and yet portable. Here is something: An eighteenth-century travelling tea service of eighteen delicately flower-painted Meissen cups and saucers, a teapot, a sugar bowl, a creamer, a tea caddy, and a spoon tray, all of them fitting into a compact octagonal gilded-leather case (twenty-eight inches long, twenty inches wide, and eight inches high) lined with blue velvet. The price of the set is $5,500, and the source is À La Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Avenue (59th). For stay-at-home tea-drinkers, Lord & Taylor has an unusually well-designed teak teacart that looks like an import from Denmark or Sweden but is actually made here. It costs $97.50, measures twenty-six inches high, twenty-four and a half inches long, and nineteen inches wide, and is equipped with a chrome handlebar and Shephard casters. Lord & Taylor's large collection of crystal made by the renowned Swedish firm of Orrefors is a pleasure to contemplate. Everything here has great taste and elegance; the shapes of glasses, pitchers, and decanters are simple and rational. Stemware is from $5 to $10, and pitchers and decanters are from $20 to $55.



At Bloomingdale's, there is a tall crystal dome whose Magritte-like air of mystery pleased me very much, and might conceivably please someone else. The object is fifteen inches tall, comes from Belgium, and costs $20. Another thing whose appeal is probably not universal is a piece of funk art for sale at Tiffany, of all places—a ceramic likeness of four eggs on a plate. One of the eggs is hard-boiled and completely peeled, another is a quarter peeled, and two still have their shells on. Strewn around the quarter-peeled egg are untidy bits of eggshell. The piece is funny and, eggs being what they are, perfectly lovely. The plate and the peeled eggs are glazed earthenware; the unpeeled eggs are unglazed earthenware, and they *feel* like eggs. The price is $20. There are also plates with nuts, olives, oranges, and cherries on them, but for some reason they don't charm the way the eggs do. Tiffany's collection of cachepots is altogether likeable. A bright-yellow faïence pot, four and a quarter inches in diameter and four inches high, is decorated with blue and white flowers and green leaves, and costs $14.50. A plain white Limoges porcelain cachepot, very simple and graceful, measures four and three-quarters inches in diameter and four inches in height, and costs $12. A cachepot made of bone china decorated with delicate, polychrome, botanically accurate English wild flowers is five and a half inches in diameter, five inches in height, and $27.50 in price.

THE American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd), has just acquired some extraordinary prints and drawings by the Eskimos of Baker Lake, in the Canadian Arctic. A work from this collection or from among the Center's Cape Dorset Eskimo prints could be a superb present for a couple with a known liking for primitive art. When the Cape Dorset stonecuts and engravings first arrived here, in 1968, they surprised many viewers by their great elegance and finish and their brilliance as works of design. The idea that people who eat blubber and rub themselves with bear grease and aren't members of the Museum of Modern Art should produce prints as exquisite as Morris papers and as intellectual as Klees and Mirós was an element, I think, in the intense admiration one felt for these works. The Baker Lake stonecuts and stencils and drawings have none of this refinement, and they are impossible to admire on anything but their own terms. They are blunt and naïve, and mystifying in their subject matter, and one feels as one regards them that one is in the presence of something disturbing and irreducible. The "zero at the bone"



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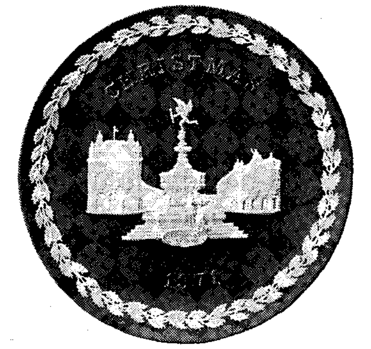

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Bean's Boat and Tote Bag

NOW BEING FEATURED ON PAGE 58

that Emily Dickinson experienced on seeing the snake is the feeling that many of these pictures gave me. "Wrestling," a stonecut by Karleesuk (seventeen inches by nine and a half, at $85), shows two men standing nose to nose in a rigid embrace. They are in profile, dressed in hoods and fringed capes, and immobile as boulders. The action of the fight is all in a swirling maze of gray lines that forms a sort of cocoon around them. "Spotted Wolf," a stonecut by the same artist (seven and a quarter inches by thirteen, at $60), is a side view of an animal that has just torn a leg off another animal. The leg dangles from the wolf's fierce-toothed mouth in such a way as to make it look like a fifth leg of its own (and elegantly balances the design). "The Weasel," a stencil print by William Noah, is charming and innocent. It hasn't the bold, dark, linear quality of the typical Eskimo print but resembles European and American folk art in its soft, subtle colors. An extremely long brown weasel is leaping with three gray rabbits in a field of flowers. (This one is seventeen and a quarter inches by twenty-four and a half, at $125.) "Wolf Man," by the same artist (twenty-four inches by nineteen and three-quarters, at $250), makes one smile and wonder. It is a multicolored stonecut and stencil of a wolf's head, with a long tongue hanging out of its mouth, set on a man's torso. A stonecut and stencil by Mummookshoarluk entitled "Keeveeok, Awake!" illustrates a scene in an Eskimo myth, and is fascinating and horrifying in a way reminiscent of Edvard Munch's late work. "Aloolah," a stonecut by the same artist, illustrating another incident in the Keeveeok legend, shows a grinning man riding a two-headed dog. How the artist solves the drawing problem posed by a two-headed dog is something that I leave to the reader to try to work out—and doubt if he will without the aid of a small child.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

So far Gov. Holton has declined to speculate on what direction his search for new tax revenges is likely to take. —*James Latimer in the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.*

It's not something you make a lot of noise about.

•

Mr. Alum, a moist hypnotic dancer, was the principal as well in "Footnotes," another exploration into human yearnings.—*Anna Kisselgoff in the Times.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

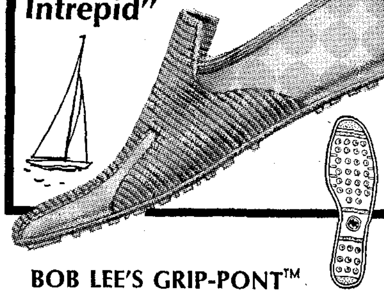
JUNE 23

THIS being a literary-minded capital city, the centenary of Marcel Proust's birth is being celebrated here in all media, including those not yet invented during his maladive life of rather secretive manual labor with a black-inked pen in a cork-lined room. This past fortnight, Proust has been starred on the air, on TV, in repeated newspaper editorials, in gossip columns, and in every French literary magazine, all bringing him back to life by appreciation, or even by recollection, since, though born in the year of the Commune, he died, aged fifty-one, in 1922, four years after the end of the First World War and, by chance, the year the second volume of "Sodome et Gomorrhe" was published. He invented the modern novel's mnemonic analytical treatment in "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu," so startling a new literary formula, and at first so little appreciated, that his publisher, Bernard Grasset, demanded that Proust pay for publishing "Du Côté de Chez Swann" and the literary critic of *Le Temps* thought it "a bit banal." In 1919, Proust's then most recent novel, "À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs," was crowned with the Goncourt Prize, and his fame and popularity finally began. At the age of nine, he had suffered his first asthma attack, and by the time he was forty he wore his overcoat, with apologies, in the salons of Paris ladies born to equal rank with his imaginary Duchesse de Guermantes. He was progressively less able to support fresh air, noise, or the scent of flowers, increasingly in exile in his own silent, overheated, fumigated atmosphere—the prisoner of his malady, memory, and genius until he penned it all down, and then, in his perfect calculation, wrote "*Fin*" at the end of his manuscript the night before he was free to die, which he did the next afternoon.

Of the personal recollections of him recently printed here, the most vivid has been that of the novelist Jacques de Lacretelle, in *Les Nouvelles Littéraire's* special Proust number of June 11th, recounting de Lacretelle's exciting first youthful meeting with and impressions of him in the December at the end of the war. Already Proust was almost retired from the world, and the rare visitor had to make a sort of pilgrimage through the unused rooms that led to his bedchamber, where he lived out of reach of any noise, owing to its famous cork-covered walls. "I perceived Proust curled up in his bed against the cold," de Lacretelle writes. "A nut-colored sweater covered his torso. There was no effort at keeping up appearances. His black hair, barely mixed with white, fell over his forehead. The schoolboy copybooks"—in which he wrote his manuscript—"were piled by his bedside. He still held his pen in his hand. He had covered a page with his handwriting, which was thin and had many crossed-out words. He was an anguishing sight. Nothing of the famous portrait of the dandy with the flower in his buttonhole, which Jacques-Émile Blanche left us, and which posterity had consecrated. He was in good spirits, inclined to laugh and to make others laugh. No dolorous tone in his agreeable, well-pitched voice, no trace of the author in the way he talked. He had splendid black eyes—the eyes of a dervish. Their glance was direct and deep, and inspired confidence. What were my questions? First, I inquired what were the keys to his novels' characters. Either there were no keys in the part of the manuscript he was at that moment working on or else there were eight or ten for a single person, he said. It was the same, he said, for the church at Combray." De Lacretelle then asked him what reading had influenced him when young. "His literary memory was prodigious," he goes on. "As if in ecstasy, he recited whole strophes. One would have said he had before him a version of the texts. I paid my last visit to him in November, 1922. He had just died. He was stretched full-length on his bed, looking the way Dunoyer de Segonzac had shown him in a famous sketch. His beard covered his sunken cheeks. But the lift of his ascetic profile retained its self-ordained strength. 'The sleeping prophet,' I said to myself under my breath."

The focal point of the Proust celebration has, naturally, been the exhibition of Proustiana in the vast Second Empire mansion in the Saint-Philippe du Roule quarter (Proust's neighborhood) that is now the Jacquemart-André Museum. Then it was the site of splendid receptions attended by Proust's young friends and, it is supposed, by the writer himself, always on the search for living examples of the elegant Parisians who peopled his complicated prose. The exhibition, called "Proust en Son Temps," is noteworthy for the portraits and photographs of some of the faces he used as illustrations for what he wrote. Unfortunately, the exhibition's lighting is so poor that the viewer has difficulty making out the numbers—unhelpfully printed in pale gray on white cardboard—affixed to the collected objects, identifiable only through the catalogue. The most important portrait is that by Boldini of Count Robert de Montesquiou, who introduced Proust to aristocratic Paris, and who supposedly figures in "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu" as the rather depraved Baron de Charlus. Boldini's picture shows him seated—mustachioed, heavily cravatted, and with his cane held upright like a rapier—and is the property of the Musée Nationale d'Art Moderne. There is an unilluminating portrait of Charles Haas, who inspired Proust's figure of Swann, plus some splendid photographs of Réjane, one of Proust's favorite actresses, garbed in male evening attire, and there is a wealth of calling cards and engraved invitations, like a roster of the period. There are also two fascinating photographs of young Proust himself in 1890, in military uniform, standing with his feet crossed fancifully, like a ballet dancer, and portrait photographs of his mother, who was beautiful. These last were taken when Proust was nine years old—his age at the opening of his stream-of-consciousness novel, when he lay in bed fearful that she might not come upstairs to kiss him good night. There is also a fine portrait of the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, magnificently attired in a pink evening gown and pink slippers. Some of us then young Americans met her in the literary salon of the Left Bank's American *doyenne*, Miss Natalie Barney, at the spring tea parties in her elderly house set among trees in a court off the Rue Jacob. The Duchesse was a friend of Proust, with whom she carried on a correspondence, and later she wrote her interesting memoirs, beginning with "Au Temps des Équipages," which featured the earlier Paris period when the great ladies moved around town in fancy carriages behind prancing horses, attended by top-hatted coachmen and grooms.

The Proust exhibition in the Jacquemart-André Museum (which will be on view until the end of September) also features a few photographs of the village of Illiers, near Chartres, including views of the church and of the garden of the house owned by Proust's aunt, who lived there, near her husband's drygoods store, and with whom Proust happily spent his summer holi-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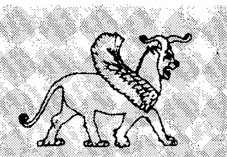
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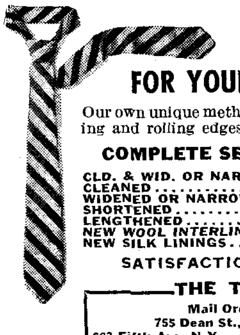
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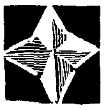
days as a boy. In the opening chapter of "Swann's Way," he describes Illiers as a village called Combray. To honor Proust's centenary, Illiers has now officially changed its name to Illiers-Combray—an extraordinary provincial act of literary appreciation.

"FOR the first time in American history, the Department of Justice has forced a newspaper to cease the publication of a series of articles and documents" is the way *Le Monde* started off its announcement of the recent opening difficulties of the New York *Times* with the Nixon Administration. *Le Monde* went on to say, in a column-long front-page editorial, "Numerous are the Europeans—in particular the French—who, because history has accustomed them to more drastic practices, are astonished that the Washington government has not seized the New York daily. American newspapers have a tradition of independence that most of their foreign confrères could well envy. The most astonishing thing about the whole affair is the surprise it has occasioned among so many Americans, and especially among so many of the people they have elected to office. People are discovering that the leaders did not tell the truth even in declarations made in private. As a class, the politicians made a mistake. Yet many of the facts revealed by the New York *Times* were known; the Indo-Chinese Communists had exposed lots of them, as had independent observers. But the Americans, like many other people, do not like to look disagreeable truths in the face. A great deal of time elapsed before they accepted the reality of the extent of the bombardment of North Vietnam. Almost two years elapsed between the massacre of My Lai, which was denounced by the National Liberation Front, and its so-called 'revelation' by a foreign journalist. A certain psychological isolationism has in these various instances caused the Americans to have confidence only in American witnesses. Moreover, the extension of the executive branch's prerogatives and the legislators' timidity have not helped to set up a fair discussion of the fundamental problems. Thus the 'credibility gap'—the famous crisis in belief that has so injured both President Johnson and President Nixon—now risks growing a little wider. Can one believe Mr. Rogers' statement that freedom of choice will be respected in the Saigon elections when it is known that Washington has done everything possible to crush every neutralist effort in Vietnam? What happens to the 'wish to negotiate' at the Paris talks when secret directives actually forbid any compromise? In permitting the Americans to raise these questions, among others, the New York *Times* has perhaps infringed on certain rules, but it undoubtedly will have aided in boosting the prestige of the United States if, by journalistic audacity, it pushes the American citizens to demand respect for the Constitution—in other words, better control of the Presidency." In the battle between Nixon and the *Times*, Parisians and their newspapers are almost unanimously on the side of the *Times*.

PARIS has just undergone a paralyzing two-week train strike—one of the longest and most disorganizing social ordeals that Parisians have put up with since the war, though it was utterly peaceful, being filled with patience and devoid of violence. It was a very costly strike in time lost, since everything was delayed while the citizens figured out how to get from here to there, often enough on their own feet if they lived in the suburbs. Paris street traffic was insolubly snarled as everyone who owned a car came to town in it and those who owned bicycles or motorbikes—or, indeed, anything propelled and on wheels—also turned up. Over the weekend, it took three hours to drive out to suburban houses ordinarily reached in forty minutes. It was an extremely expensive strike in the delay of transported edibles, such as fresh green garden stuff, which were doomed to deteriorate en route. The rush-hour suburban train service was cut from its usual six hundred trains an hour to forty trains. *Le Monde*, like other dailies, every morning printed a list of trains supposedly leaving Paris that day for other French cities—for example, "6 o'clock, Cherbourg," or "3 o'clock, Caen." *Figaro* printed a guide to train service expressed in percentages, according to reports from hopeful stationmasters, such as "Gare Saint-Lazare: Assured service 50%." After the fortnight of confusion was over, even the C.G.T., the Communist trade union that had led the strike, failed to find much satisfaction in it. It was not so much a strike for increased wages (though they came into it, you can bet) as it was a new type of strike called a "political strike," to test two relative strengths—that of the workers as invaluable public servants and that of the governmental and managerial class, instinctively determined to keep their hands on the helm. The Communist paper *Huma-*



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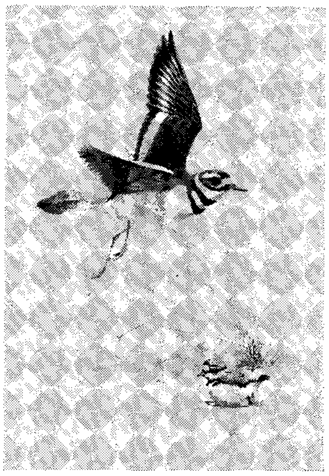

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nité summed up the disappointing result with peculiar candor by declaring, "The strike did not end in victory but certainly not in defeat, either. Aside from the concessions that were exacted from the government's nationalized railway company, this strike had a great value as a form of experience"—which sounded like psychological claptrap to a few million suburbanites whose feet still hurt. It was certainly not a popular strike with the workers who made it, since they knew in advance they would not be paid for the days they did not work, French union strike funds not running to such luxury. In the last few great French transport strikes, those struck against have lined up on the sidewalk to shout, "*Ah, les salauds!*" against the parading strikers. This time, when ten thousand strikers paraded between the Gare du Nord and the Gare Saint-Lazare on Wednesday, the only sidewalk outcry was against the Minister of Finance, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Almost humorously, the waiting crowd shouted ironically, "*Giscard à la gare!*"

THERE has been a sudden appalling increase in young French drug users, seven of whom have recently died here in melodramatic circumstances. The Paris papers have just announced a new around-the-clock public service called Police-Secours-Stupéfiants, giving a telephone number where the police will furnish the addresses of hospitals that give detoxification treatment. The same service has been announced for Marseille, which is France's immemorial entry town for white-poppy products coming from the eastern Mediterranean. The well-known Socialist Gaston Deferre, who is the Marseille mayor and also a Parliamentary deputy, this week printed an important announcement in *Le Provençal*, the newspaper he owns, saying, "It is now a necessity that those who traffic in the sale of drugs run the risk of the death penalty." He will propose to Parliament a modification of the penal code to permit tribunals to decree this punishment. He cited the examples of young drug users who have recently died. "Death is grave, but to become a human rag for the rest of one's life is no less grave," he said. "When a certain number of drug peddlers are condemned and executed, this will cause the others to pause and think." As a political member of the left, Deferre is opposed, on principle, to the death penalty, but in the case of drug peddling "only capital punishment can stop the fatal process toward which parts of the world now tend."

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U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

THE ORDEAL OF FATS GOLDBERG

LARRY GOLDBERG, the pizza baron, is slim, but I still think of him as Fats Goldberg. So does he. Although he has "been down," as he puts it, for twelve years, after twenty-five years of exceptional fatness, he sees himself not as a man who weighs one hundred and sixty pounds but as a man who is constantly in danger of weighing three hundred twenty. "Inside, I'm still a fat man," he sometimes says. When Fats and I were boys in Kansas City, he was already renowned for his corpulence—though I can't say I was ever approached about posing for Refugee Relief ads in those days myself. During college, when Fats weighed three hundred pounds and was known to some as Three Cases Goldberg, I occasionally saw him at the University of Missouri, where he was one of a number of storied eaters. According to one tale, when a restaurant near the campus instituted a policy of giving customers all they wanted to eat on Sunday nights for a dollar thirty-five, a fraternity brother of Fats' called Hog Silverman, who weighed less than two and a half cases, went over one Sunday night and put it out of business. Fats was known not only for that kind of single-sitting tour de force but for the fact that he never stopped eating. When he talks about those days, a lot of his sentences begin with phrases like "Then on the way to lunch I'd stop off at the Tastee-Freez . . ."

Fats says that he did not get fat on *coq au vin*. "In the quantities I was eating, nobody could have afforded gourmet food," he has said. "I'm one of the great all-time junk eaters." Candy bars. Lunch-meat sandwiches on white bread. Sweet rolls. Hamburgers. Chili dogs. Pizza. Not Goldberg's pizza—just pizza. At Missouri, Fats often brightened up the late afternoon with something called a Boston Sundae, which is, to the extent that it is describable, a milkshake with a floating sundae on top—a floating chocolate sundae with bananas if Fats happened to be the customer. I don't mean to imply that Fats was undiscriminating. There are good chili dogs and bad chili dogs. The only food that Fats still finds almost literally irresistible is a double cheeseburger with everything but onions at Winstead's, a hamburger place in Kansas City, and I must say that our afflictions differ only in that I prefer the double hamburger with everything and grilled onions. For a number of years, Fats was in the habit of reading the latest diet book at Winstead's—holding the book in one hand and a double cheeseburger with everything but onions in the other.

I didn't see Fats for ten years after college, and when I finally did see him I didn't recognize him. It was a Sunday morning, and I was at Ratner's, on Second Avenue. I was having eggs scrambled with lox and onions, and I was glancing around constantly, as I tend to do in Ratner's, to see if some other table was being given a roll basket with more of my favorite kind of onion rolls than our roll basket had. Fats didn't even look familiar. In fact, if we hadn't had some intimate discussions since then about Winstead's hamburgers and Charlie Bryant's barbecued spareribs, I might even now suspect him of being an impostor. Fats later told me that on the morning of May 1, 1959, while employed as a three-hundred-and-twenty-pound salesman of newspaper advertising space in Chicago, he had decided to lose weight. Naturally, he had made similar decisions several dozen times in the past, and he still doesn't know why he was finally able to stop eating. He is certain that it was not fear for his health; several years before, his reaction to a serious warning by a doctor in Kansas City was to think about it over three Winstead's cheeseburgers, a fresh-lime Coke, and a Frosty Malt. (A Frosty Malt is a kind of cross between a milkshake and a glassful of chocolate ice cream—described on the Winstead's menu as "The Drink You Eat with a Spoon.") On May 1, 1959, Fats started losing weight. He didn't use pills or gimmick diets. "It was cold turkey," he says now, referring to the method rather than the food. "I suffered." In a year, Fats weighed one-ninety. Then, gradually, he went down to one-sixty. In other words, by the time I saw him at Ratner's the Fats I had known was half gone.

Fats was still selling advertising space then, but he wasn't happy in his work. For a while, he tried standup comedy, working with a girl in a partnership called Berkowitz and Goldberg—an act that apparently inspired audiences all over town to puzzled silence. A few years ago, he went into the pizza-parlor business. He was armed not only with the gimmick of having a Jewish pizza parlor but with the recipe for an excellent version of what the connoisseurs call a Chicago pizza—characterized by a thick, crispy, and particularly fattening crust. Naturally, Goldberg's Pizzeria was a success. Fats himself became so celebrated that he was able to publish a pizza book—a volume that may add little to the literature

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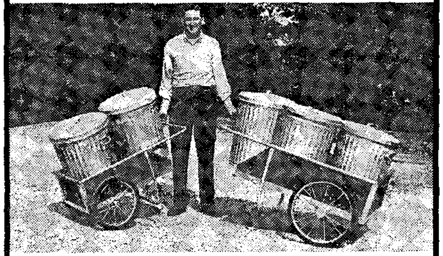

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of food but seems at least to have provided a resting place for some old jokes from the Berkowitz and Goldberg days. (One chapter is called "The Goldberg Variations, or How to Make Johann Sebastian Roll Over on His Bach.") Fats now has two thriving pizza parlors and is looking for a spot to open a third.

Although Fats enjoys the trappings of a pizza barony, he realizes that his most notable accomplishment is not having created a successful business but having stayed thin. Among his pizza customers are some experts in obesity, and they have informed him that any fat man who remains slim for twelve years can safely consider himself a medical phenomenon. (Since both of Goldberg's pizzerias display poster-size pictures of Fats when he weighed three cases, the subject of fatness often comes up, particularly on Sunday nights, the traditional time for diet resolutions.) Fats has been told that specialists can always make fat people thin through a variety of hospital treatments—treatments that a layman would probably summarize as solitary confinement—but once released the fat people almost invariably become fat again. Someone who has gone without a relapse since 1959 is so rare that one researcher from the Rockefeller University asked Fats if he would mind donating some of his fat cells for analysis. Researchers at Rockefeller and at Mt. Sinai Hospital have found that fat people who were fat as children have not only larger fat cells but more of them—a permanent extra helping that may come about through being overfed in the first few years of life. When a chronically fat person loses weight, all his fat cells just shrink temporarily, remaining available for reëxpansion—or, as someone who apparently enjoys taunting the fatties once put it, "screaming to be refilled." Fat-cell research has led to the depressing speculation that a person who was fat as a child faces horrifying pressure to become fat again and again—as well as to the equally depressing speculation that blame for yet another atrocity might be laid at the feet of the Jewish Mother. Fats is unenthusiastic about the Rockefeller people's method of studying his fat cells, which would amount to withdrawing a section of tissue from the part of the body in which it is most accessible (or, as Fats sees it, "having three nurses stick an eight-inch needle in my *tushe*"), but lately he has begun to say that he would be willing to coöperate. The more he thinks about the effort required for a fat man to stay thin, the more he thinks that he is extraordinary enough to be a boon to medical research.

A COUPLE of weeks ago, I happened to see a thin psychologist I know named Stanley Schachter, who has done a lot of research at Columbia on obesity, and I asked him if it was scientifically sound to consider Fats Goldberg truly amazing. After I had described Fats' accomplishment, Schachter seemed filled with admiration. According to Schachter's research, staying thin would be even more difficult for a pizza baron than for a run-of-the-mill fatty. The research indicates that what causes fat people to eat is not the physical sensations that go along with an empty stomach but what Schachter calls "external cues"—the sight of candy in the candy dish or the smell of hamburgers frying or the information that it is dinnertime or, in the case of poor Fats, the constant presence of delicious, aromatic pizza.

In fact, Schachter believes that fat people are unable to recognize the physical sensation of hunger—so that they actually eat less than thin people if external cues are missing. When two Columbia doctors, Theodore Van Itallie and Sami Hashim, removed virtually all external cues—they allowed people to eat all they wanted of an almost tasteless liquid, but nothing else—the thin people ate about the same number of calories per day that they had eaten of normal food but the fat people ate so little that one of them lost more than two hundred pounds in eight months. Schachter has found that among a group of college students with roughly the same habits of synagogue attendance the fat ones are more likely to fast on Yom Kippur than the normal-sized ones—and that their fasting is more likely to be helped if they stay in the synagogue, where there are few food cues. The normal-sized ones get hungry. Normal people given food in a laboratory will eat less if their stomachs are full or if they're frightened, but if a plate of crackers is put in front of a fat person who has just eaten or who has been led to believe he is about to receive some electric shocks, he is likely to clean the plate anyway—or, in Schachter's terms, to eat until he is out of cues. The crackers have to be decent crackers, of course; fat people tend not to be interested in food that doesn't taste good.

After listening to Schachter explain the peculiar eating habits of fat people for a while, it occurred to me that what he had really discovered was that fat people are smarter than other peo-

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1 "Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen to see one of their Sing-Sing ceremonies," George Malynicz tells us. "Our guide, Peter Barter, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to heighten the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the Asaro River into the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing-Sing. Sure enough, there were only women and children in the huts. Peter said the men must be in the jungle preparing for the ceremony, and went to look for them. Anna and I waited near the village.

2 "Suddenly a lone warrior appeared out of the brush and moved slowly toward us. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty warriors from all sides. They approached us silently, carrying spears, in a kind of menacing slow-motion dance. When I was certain we were done for, I spotted Peter taking pictures of the whole incredible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable, and even Peter became concerned.

3 "Peter shouted to the Mudmen to stop stalking us and joined us to talk with them in pidgin English. We found out that the stalking Sing-Sing 'dance' was a re-enactment of a legendary tribal battle which their ancestors won by frightening off their enemies. Looking at the Mudmen we could understand how.

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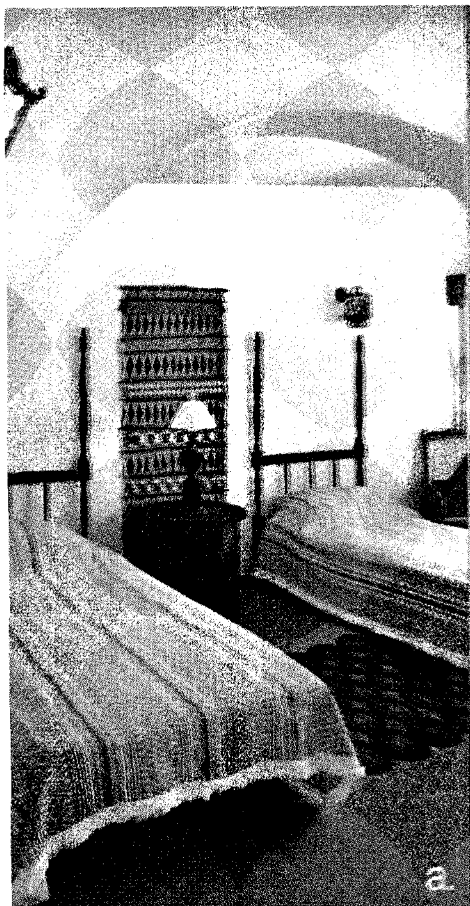

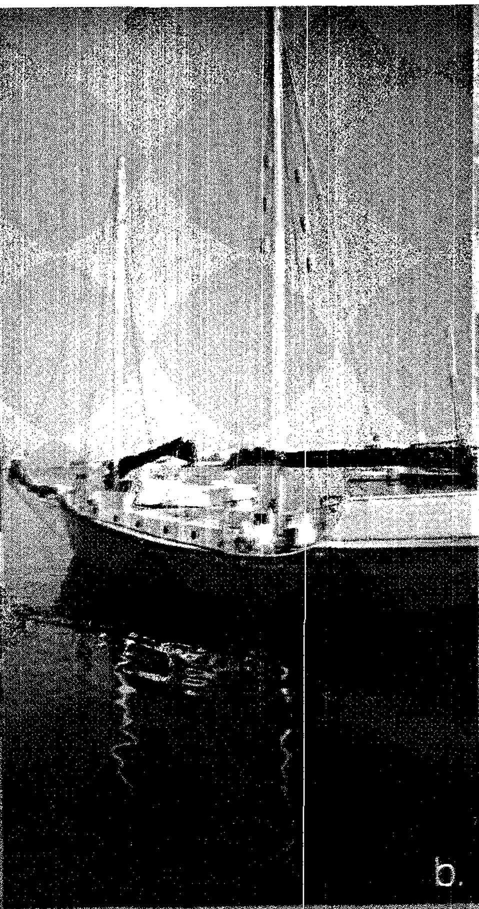

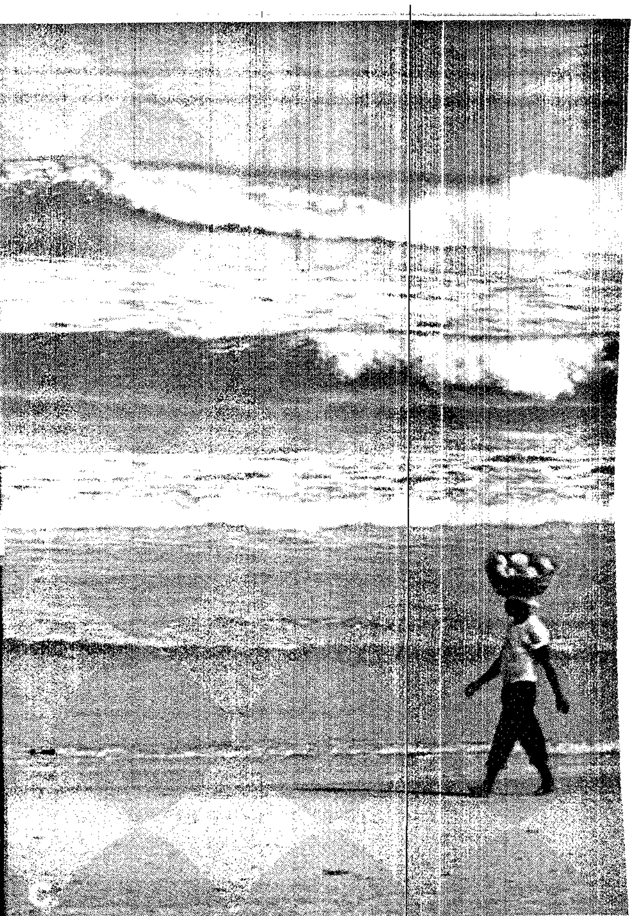

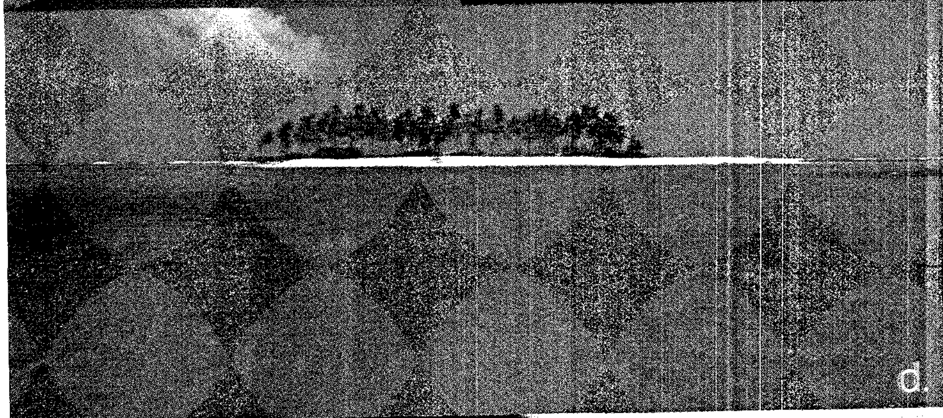

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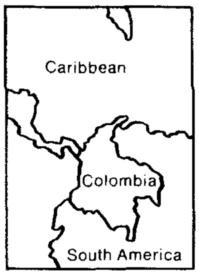

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ple. For instance, in an experiment to test the hypothesis that fat people are less willing to work for their food than ordinary people, he found that the appeal of a bowl of almonds to normal-sized people who were filling out some meaningless forms he had concocted (Schachter is a very devious researcher) was unaffected by whether or not the almonds had shells on them. But when fat people were given the same test, only one out of twenty ate almonds that had to be shelled and nineteen out of twenty ate almonds that were already shelled. That seemed to me a simple matter of intelligence. Who wants to spend his time shelling almonds? Testing the same hypothesis, Schachter and some of his students loitered around Chinese restaurants and found that fat Occidentals are much less likely to try chopsticks than thin Occidentals.

"But the fat people behave the way any normal intelligent person would behave, Stanley," I said when I heard about that discovery.

Schachter didn't say anything. Then I began to realize that a lot of the fat-people habits he had talked about applied to me. I have always thought that anyone who sacrifices stuffing power by using chopsticks in a Chinese restaurant must be demented. Although I may have talked about being hungry from the moment I learned to talk, I am still not sure precisely what physical feeling people have in mind when they describe hunger. The last piece of food I left on my plate—that was in the fall of 1958, as I remember—had a bug on it. Schachter's theories, I decided, must be incorrect.

I tried to prove it to myself the next time I saw Fats, by asking him a question in what I knew was a somewhat misleading way.

"Do you ever get hungry, Fats?" I asked.

"You bet your booties I do!" Fats said.

That would show Schachter, I thought. But a few days later, when I asked Fats for an example of a time when it was particularly hard for him to avoid eating, he said, "Tonight when I passed that pizza stand on Eighth Street that has that great frozen custard, it almost killed me." External cue.

MY discussion with Fats about hunger began at the Gaiety Delicatessen on Lexington Avenue, where he goes every day for a kind of lunch-time breakfast. Having been terrified by Schachter, I ordered the tuna-fish-salad plate with double coleslaw, hold the potato salad, and a low-calorie cream soda. Fats ate two scrambled eggs, sausages, a bagel with cream cheese, and four cups of coffee with a total of eight packets of sugar. "A fat man's got to have something to look forward to," Fats said. "When I'm reading in bed late at night, I think about being able to have this bagel and cream cheese the next day." Fats' secret of weight control is an eating schedule of uncompromising rigidity. His Gaiety meal varies daily only in how the eggs are done. In the evening, he has either a steak or half a chicken, baked in the pizza oven. (He is always careful to cut the chicken in half before baking and to put the unneeded half back in the refrigerator. "You have to pre-plan," he says. "A fat man always cleans his plate.") On Sunday night, he permits himself a quarter of a small sausage pizza in place of the steak or chicken, but then he works at the ovens trying to sweat it off. On Monday, he cheats to the extent of some bread or maybe a piece of pie. The schedule is maintained only in New York. Kansas City remains a free zone for Fats. He says that in the earlier years of his thinness a week's trip to Kansas City to visit his family would mean gaining seventeen pounds. Now, showing some restraint, he manages to hold it down to ten pounds.

A few days after our meeting at the Gaiety, Fats dropped by my house. (It had been a difficult few days for me: An Italian street fair was being held so close to my house that I had been able to convince myself I could smell the patently irresistible smell of frying sausages night and day.) I mentioned to Fats that a doctor I knew had said that in order to gain even fourteen pounds a week in Kansas City it would be necessary for Fats to consume an additional seventy-two hundred calories a day—or the equivalent of fifteen or twenty Winstead's cheeseburgers.

Fats considered that for a while. He didn't seem shocked.

"Just what *did* you eat on a big day in Kansas City the week you gained seventeen pounds?" I asked. I prepared to make a list.

"Well, for breakfast I'd have two eggs, six biscuits with butter and jelly, half a quart of milk, six link sausages, six strips of bacon, and a couple of homemade cinnamon rolls," Fats said. "Then I'd hit MacLean's Bakery. They have a kind of fried cinnamon roll I love. Maybe I'd have two or three of them. Then, on the way downtown to have lunch with somebody, I might stop at Kresge's and have two chili dogs and a couple of root beers. Ever had their chili dogs?"

I shook my head.

"Greasiest chili dogs in the world," Fats said. "I love 'em. Then I'd go to lunch. What I really like for lunch is something like a hot beef sandwich or a hot turkey sandwich. Open-faced, loaded with that flour gravy. With mashed potatoes. Then Dutch apple pie. Kansas City is big on Dutch apple pie. Here they call it apple crumb or something. Then, sometimes in the afternoon, I'd pick up a pie—just an ordinary nine-inch pie—and go to my friend Matt Flynn's house, and we'd cut the pie down the middle and put half in a bowl for each of us and then take a quart of ice cream and cut that down the middle and put it on top of the pie. We'd wash it down with Pepsi-Cola. Sometimes Matt couldn't finish his and I'd have to finish it for him. Then that would be it until I stopped at my sister's house. She's very big on crunchy peanut butter. She even has peanut butter and jelly already mixed. They didn't have that when I was a kid. Then for dinner we'd maybe go to Charlie Bryant's or one of the barbecues out on the highway. At the movies, I'd always have a bag of corn and a big Coke and knock off a Payday candy bar. Payday is still my favorite candy bar. They're hard to get here, but they have very big distribution in Kansas City. Then we'd always end up at Winstead's, of course. Two double cheeseburgers with everything but onions, a fresh-lime Coke, and a Frosty Malt. If it was before eleven, I'd stop at the Zarda Dairy for one of their forty-nine-cent banana splits. Then when I'd get home maybe some cherry pie and a sixteen-ounce Pepsi."

I looked at the list. "To tell you the truth, Fats, I'm afraid to add it all up," I said. I looked at the list again. Something on it had reminded me of Italian sausages. I decided that I would walk over to the fair later and have just one sausage sandwich with peppers and onions—saving a few calories by having a barbecued rather than a fried sausage. If things got out of hand, I figured, I could always go on one of those diets that allow you as much as you want to eat as long as you eat only Brussels sprouts, quinces, and summer squash. I had mentioned the fair to Fats, but he couldn't go. It wasn't a Monday.

"Is life worth living, Fats?" I asked.

"Well, I figure that in my first twenty-five years I ate enough for four normal lifetimes," Fats said. "So I get along. But there is a lot of pain involved. A lot of pain. I can't stress that enough."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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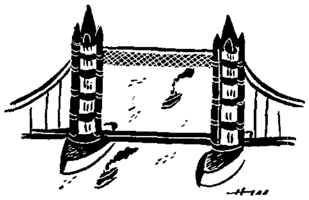
LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 23

IT seemed appropriate, this historic Wednesday morning, when Mr. Geoffrey Rippon, Britain's negotiator in Luxembourg, came on the air to announce that the way into Europe was now wide open, for him to use a phrase of Winston Churchill's to describe what has been achieved. It is, he said, the end of the beginning. The next few months, when Parliament and the people tangle in bitter dispute, will be the second, vitally important stage of the journey. There had been a possibility that if things went right for Britain in Luxembourg this week, the House of Commons, speaking constitutionally for the electorate—large sections of whom are irritably demanding to be allowed to speak for themselves on this fateful occasion—might have been asked to give its yes or no next month. The news that it will be October was greeted with relief, though some disappointed pro-Market British would have preferred to press on in July. But the Prime Minister is clearly in too much serious trouble here at home to give Mr. Wilson the chance, which he would surely have taken, to accuse him of rushing the divided country into Europe willy-nilly, though the charge might seem exaggerated—after all, the public has been invited to look thoughtfully at the idea for the last ten years by successive Conservative and Labour governments, and up to the last three years or so a majority appeared to favor it. The Government now has these four critical months in which to try to switch public opinion again, or a significant part of it. Up to date, the great national debate has not been pitched very inspiringly, many consider. It may be that Mr. Heath and his ministers, and some of the strongly pro-Market men on the Labour benches, too, may succeed in lifting citizens' eyes and imaginations from the likely effects on their dinner plates to the large view of history, which in most of the agitated discussions has been mentioned less frequently than, for instance, the madness of endangering the supply of popular, cheap New Zealand butter and cheese. There are, of course, frequently expressed worries about how much national freedom of choice will have to be thrown overboard, with even foggy notions that the position of the monarchy may somehow be changed in the enormous shakeup. The old island insularity seems to be going around in so many guises that occasionally it is curiously reminiscent of 1940, when people felt a strange lightening of spirits after the drawbridge was pulled up, leaving them inside in frightful peril and alone. But on the whole the ordinary citizens' fears about joining up with Europe are workaday ones concerned with the probable worsening effects on the rising prices and serious unemployment that have caused the sharp sag in Government popularity this summer.



The highly uncertain future if Britain does not go into Europe has not yet been adequately explained or understood, according to some anxious pro-Europeans. All these warnings and deep-seated tribal impulses and ardent convictions will be expounded and argued from now on in countless Common Market meetings, large and small, packing into halls up and down the land. The suggestion of a national referendum having been firmly turned down by all three parties at Westminster, one of the groups campaigning to keep Britain out has announced that it will run a few mini-referendums of its own in various selected districts. Considering that the English, if asked for a quick yes or no, could always be relied upon to vote sturdily against local amalgam with that bunch of foreigners in the next county, the results of such a loaded appeal are not hard to guess.

The Labour Party will decide this week whether to call a special July conference of its members in advance of the usual October fixture so that they can leave their Parliamentary representatives in no doubt as to how they feel about the terms agreed upon with the Six. The attitude of their leader is causing a great deal of doubt and being much discussed. In 1966, Prime Minister Wilson referred ringingly at the Lord Mayor's banquet in Guildhall to the exciting merchant venture into Europe launched by his government, for which the winds and the tides were right. Now that this is at last coming off, Mr. Wilson himself seems to have blown cool, or at least noncommittal. His out-of-Parliament references to the impossibility of the country's believing Mr. Heath on the Common Market when look what happened to his election promises on prices and unemployment sounded to many to be timed to make useful political gains out of this moment when the Conservative Party is having daunting reverses in every by-election. Most of the press has taken the view that he will find reasons for coming down on the side of the noes in October, thus paving the way back to Downing Street. A few political commentators, always admiring of the sharpest brain in politics, insisted to their readers that Mr. Wilson could not possibly and certainly will not default on his frequently stated conviction that Britain's new place in the world is in Europe. So far, he has said nothing except for the accusations of Mr. Heath's duplicity. This silence was suddenly made to sound deafening by the weekend speech of his deputy, Roy Jenkins, a firm pro-Europe man whom many people see as his successor. Mr. Jenkins did not hesitate to come out in opposition to his friend and leader the late Hugh Gaitskell when the 1962 row over the Common Market split the parties. He has not hesitated now to make it clear to everybody, including the man at the top, that he is stepping forward to lead those Labour supporters who share his views in Parliament and out. In his speech, he called pointedly on the Party to "stand for honesty and consistency," pointing out roundly that he could see no basis for trying to get into Europe from 1967 onward and then suddenly sheering off "in principle" in 1971. It was a clear challenge, calculatedly thrown down in Mr. Wilson's direction, which has not yet been taken up but is causing much interested speculation in political circles about Mr. Jenkins' future.

WHAT was billed as Harold Pinter's first full-length play in six years, entitled "Old Times," is at the Aldwych. In reality, it is extremely short. It was received with an accolade of respectful praise from most of the critics, though one or two hardy spirits had the temerity to ask point-blank what it pretended to be all about, and even to pipe up doubts, above the applause, that the Emperor was wearing any clothes. Pinter's latest works have been moving away from naturalistic theatre into some stylized world of characters who retain only the familiar verbal counterpoint strung between interminable silences and brightened by the occasional wildly funny line. The scene of this little fugue for three instruments only is said to be a converted farmhouse miles from anywhere, though its owner and his wife appear to be standard suburban types who would not have settled, one suspects, very far from the wilder shores of Surrey. When the curtain goes up, they are discussing the arrival of the wife's old apartment-mate, Anna, who is coming for her first visit in twenty years. To set the note of bewilderment, Anna meanwhile lurks motionless upstage with her back to the audience, presumably to imply that she has been all this time disturbingly present in the consciousness of both husband and wife. For when she turns up—a genteel, enigmatical lady who talks archly to the husband about the good old cultured times when she and Kate, without any tiresome husband then, went to concerts and to the Tate—it appears that he had had a slight flirtatious brush with her, too, in those days. Or had he? She denies it, and other not very interesting memories that the husband and the guest exchange, with increasing hostility, while the wife remains mostly silent, seem to be false, too. Or are they? It is perhaps a surrealist exercise on the theme of how everybody's memory photographs everything differently. At the final, addling curtain, the wife, played by Dorothy Tutin, is sitting cross-legged on one bed in their room, a tiny Buddha in a white bathrobe, having just delivered a remarkably obscure soliloquy, the gist of which seems to be that she prefers the husband to the friend, but only just. Her husband (Colin Blakely) is crying quietly in a chair, and the unsettling guest, played by Pinter's wife, Vivien Merchant, after a short skulk in the background with averted face, lies down, apparently a lifeless fixture, on the other bed. The acting is splendid, and so is the elegant direction, by Peter Hall.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum has staged a wonderful exhibition (open until July 25th) of four thousand years of Chinese ceramics. It was planned by the Oriental Ceramic Society as a fiftieth-anniversary celebration of its modest foundation, which began with only twelve members, under the presidency of the late George Eumorfopoulos, items from whose famous collection (now mostly owned by the nation) are on view here. Museums and private collectors all over the world have generously allowed masterpieces to come to London, like privileged, horribly fragile visitors who may never find one another under the same roof again. Some of the exquisite pieces from the Tokyo National Museum, for instance, have never been seen in the West before. Though it covers such an immense span of time, from Neolithic earthenware to the superb eighteenth-century dishes made for the Emperors of China, it seems to be just the right size for the eye to take

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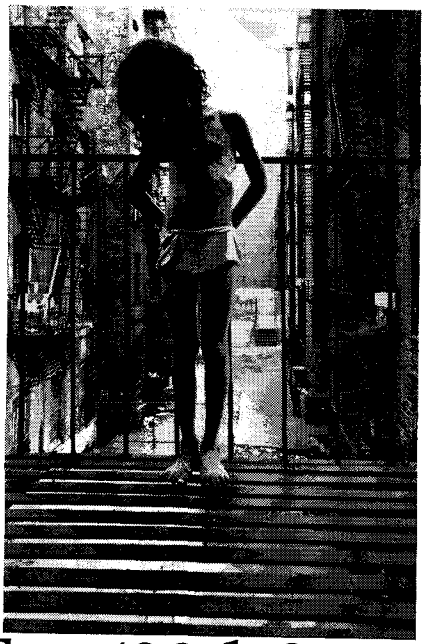

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in without fatigue. The exhibition is arranged in four chronological sections of small dynastic groups, showing, among other things, the extremely rare pale lavender-blue Ju ware; a huge and splendid chestnut glazed T'ang horse, from the Count de Grunne's collection; and, most beautiful of all, the marvellous austere vases of Northern Sung porcelain, in all the subtle shades of white and cream, sometimes incised with peonies or lotus flowers. There seems to be infinite variety and repose in these cool and classic shapes, and the faces of the visitors look rested as they move among the cases.

THIS has been the wettest, coldest, and vilest June in sixty years, apparently. Day after day faithfully delivered leaden skies and rain instead of the exceptional warmth unfortunately promised by the long-term weather sages. Summery gear has languished in shops while Londoners splashed crossly past in exhumed winter woollies. Sporting fixtures were washed out, and so were a melancholy number of baby mallards on St. James's Park lake, whose nests were turned into watery graves. Though the British are famed for their preoccupation with the subject, this appalling bit of weather has for once seemed almost too bad to talk about. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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The opportunity to look at the quality architecture being accomplished in the West and to share it with our readers . . . to attend seminars and conferences where concerned professionals are striving to bring chaos out of the disorder of our cities . . . —*Architecture/West.*

Not just striving—succeeding!

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But trade book sales rarely reach 100,000 copies, and when they do they're hailed as smash hits. This is not a proud record for a nation the size of ours. The average trade title sells between 1 and 6000 copies before being ignominiously remaindered. "We know this sounds terribly said," the authors comment. "It is terribly said."—*The Post.*

Not at all! Very nicely put.

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OUR FORGETFUL FEATURE WRITERS

[*Robert Billings in the Chicago Daily News*]

He takes a couple of big belts of ice water and dives back into his big executive swivel chair behind the big mahogany desk.

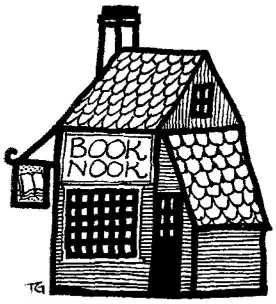
His office in Des Plaines is big enough to hold time trials. And as he sits at his big walnut desk in his big . . .

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ON INSTRUCTIONS OF MY GOVERNMENT, by Pierre Salinger (Doubleday). Mr. Salinger's enormously long first novel is not very good, but it has too much an air of industriousness and diligence and earnestly felt good will to be characterized as very bad. We read of the outward signs of inward struggle in certain big political figures in America during an election year. In the opening pages, we meet the President in all his formal splendor in his White House office. Two of his most important aides are posed in their proper places on the far side of his desk, and his ambassador to a touchy South American country, Santa Clara, is in the hot seat. Ambassador Hood has flown up from Santa Clara to hear a Presidential decision that is going to affect the state of the nation, although everybody present except Hood denies that fact. Hood's dilemma, torn as he is between loyalty to his government and his awareness of the danger of politically expedient compromises being made by the President, is supposed to maintain tension in this novel, but in fact all the excitement there is in the book is contained in the admirably melodramatic flight of Mafia lords and their wives to Santa Clara from all parts of the United States. Mr. Salinger writes better when the Mafia holds the stage, and he would have had a better and more significant novel if he had allowed the American political arena to show in the light cast by the baleful brotherhood. The pale flicker of Ambassador Hood's conscience betrays general indecision, but it illuminates nothing.



GENERAL

THE DISCOVERY OF THE ASYLUM: SOCIAL ORDER AND DISORDER IN THE NEW REPUBLIC, by David J. Rothman (Little, Brown). An unusual work of historical inquiry, this fascinating book looks into the efflorescence, in the Jacksonian era, of every kind of institution—insane asylum, orphan asylum, reform school, prison, poorhouse—designed to house the luckless or the wicked. None existed in Colonial times—not, as Mr. Rothman points out, because there were no poor and unfortunate but because poverty and misfortune were regarded as part of the divine scheme, and every political unit (the parish in Virginia, say, or the town in Massachusetts) was expected to care for its own, as part of the Christian order. Colonial arrangements were simple: orphans boarded with relatives when possible, and if those relatives lacked cash the community supplied it until the children were old enough to be apprenticed. Old people and sick people might stay in their own homes or move in with relatives or neighbors, whichever seemed easier. When, later, the religious view of the universe declined, the poor were regarded as anomalies. Colonial Americans had imagined that there was no cure for ills that had always afflicted some people throughout history, but secular, independent Americans were confident that men, like society, were perfectible. On a wave of reform, with the aim of curing every ill, Jacksonian liberals launched all those stone-walled institutions that subsequently became images of reaction. Mr. Rothman draws our attention to the kindness and sophistication of many of these reformers—though they did not exactly anticipate Freud, they did see the importance of infancy and childhood in forming character, and they tried to do away with physical violence, such as capital punishment for crime and whipping children or madmen. Mr. Rothman explains why their institutions, intended to be therapeutic, became at best merely custodial and at worst actually harmful. He does not ask the reader to despair of social reforms because these reforms failed; he suggests instead the danger of looking at people who have problems as being themselves problems. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

PRAGUE: THE MYSTICAL CITY, by Joseph Wechsberg (Macmillan). This beguiling work of history, description, and evocation makes the capital of Bohemia appear both very real and very romantic. Mr. Wechsberg's account details the particular glories of Prague Gothic and Ba-

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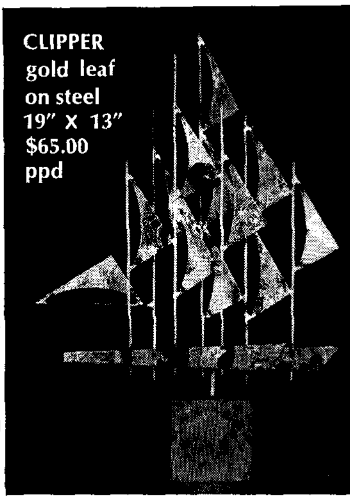
Much of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*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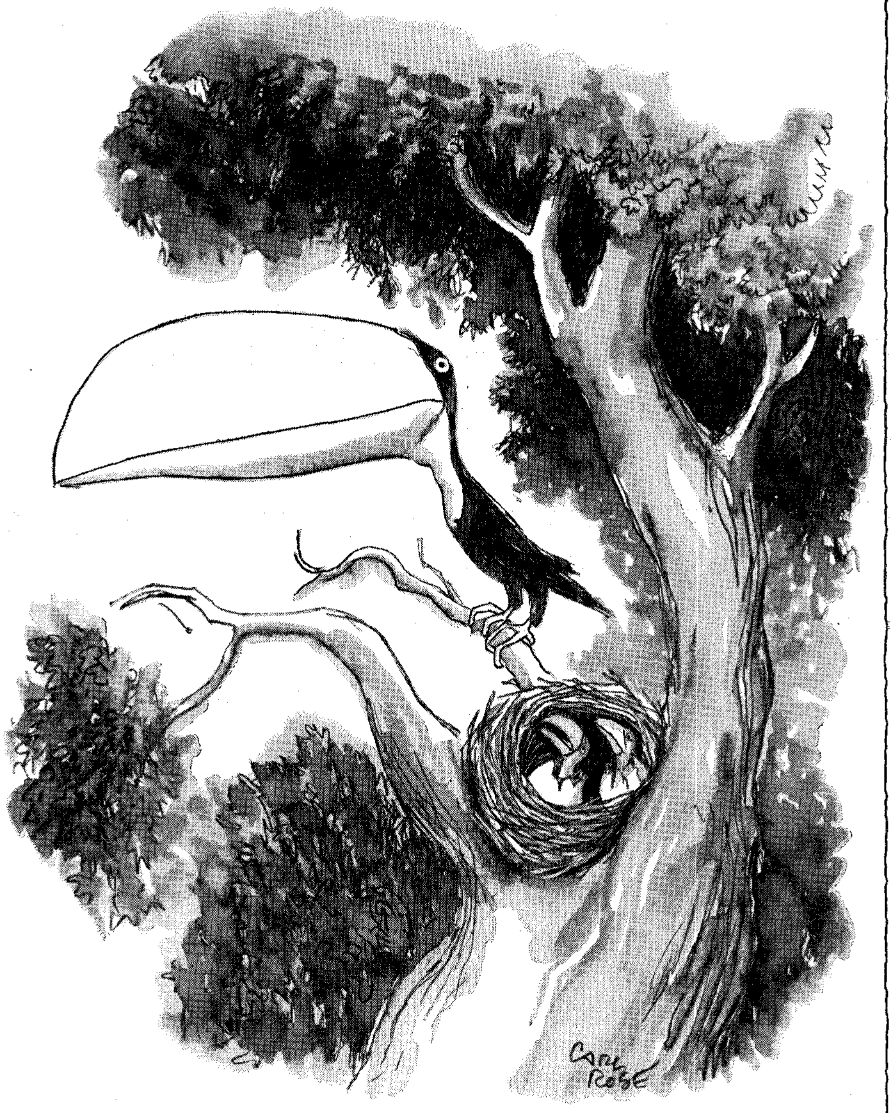
roque, and also explains the sources of their artistic inspiration. The Stone Age settlement became a trading post as early as Roman times, but, businessmen or not, Prague-dwellers—whether Catholic or Protestant or Jew, German or Czech—have been prone to most unbusinesslike sorts of mysticism, sometimes occult and sometimes orthodox. Still, the city, like any world center, has more than one quality. There is, for example, the keen worldly judgment that Praguers demonstrated in appreciating Mozart when the Viennese found him difficult. And there is a vein of humor, at once wild and deadpan, which turns up in the life, sayings, and writings of Jaroslav Hašek (the author of "The Good Soldier Švejk"), whose free imagination is recognizably related to that of another Prague writer, Franz Kafka.

Lord Palmerston, by Jasper Ridley (Dutton). In politics, things are seldom what they seem. The popularity of Palmerston (1784-1865) with English citizens as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister was based on the impression he gave of go-ahead aggressiveness toward foreign powers, but now, as Mr. Ridley carefully sifts all the evidence in this excellent biography, it turns out that Palmerston's policies were exceedingly cautious. He himself was a member of a satisfied class (the landed aristocracy) in a nation by and large satisfied with its position in the world, and his aim was to maintain the balance of power in Europe, and, in the world, a most-favored-nation treatment for British trading interests. The extent of Palmerston's success is remarkable, because nobody—except perhaps Metternich—was pleased with the settlements of the Congress of Vienna, and these had scarcely been ratified when European states and peoples began a non-stop career of rebellion, civil war, revolution, and meddling in each other's affairs. Palmerston's purpose was to settle every upheaval before it led to a general war; his gift was to persuade the British that their essentially pacific government was twice as bossy as any other. His self-assurance also helped him change parties, domestic policies, and his own opinions after thinking through the practical or political consequences of changes, and then enabled him to stick to the decision or agreement he made. Mr. Ridley's work is by no means biassed in favor of Palmerston; it also offers just and absorbing accounts of the famous figures with whom he worked or fought. And the book is engaging reading, because its style shares its subject's forthright vigor and Regency skepticism. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

From Columbus to Castro: The History of the Caribbean, 1492-1969, by Eric Williams (Harper & Row). Brisk and informative, this work relates the past of a collection of good-looking islands that were developed as sugar plantations in the seventeenth century, created fabulous wealth for Europeans, and now, like so many abandoned mining towns, are struggling to revive or revise their economies in order to assure their populations a plausible future. Mr. Williams is forced to write about so much greed and cruelty that it is remarkable that he keeps his temper and perspective. He succeeds, and his practical discussion of the current state of the Caribbean is among the most useful of its kind. The author, the Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, writes better than many historians and almost all politicians.

CARL ROSE

ARTISTS have this advantage over the rest of us—that what they have it in their power to create need never grow old. Carl Rose, who died last week, at the age of sixty-eight, had been providing cartoons for this magazine ever since 1925, the year it was founded, and here is the latest (and, sadly, the last) of the more than six hundred drawings that he made for us: one that manifests a characteristic elegance of draftsmanship and, no less characteristically, an undiminished playfulness of mind.



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